STORIES OF GREAT ARTISTS

759
H

NEW YORK · CINCINNATI · CHICAGO
AMERICAN · BOOK · COMPANY

BARBEE SCHOOL LIBRA

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_P9-CSD-756

STORIES OF GREAT ARTISTS

BY

OLIVE BROWNE HORNE

AND

KATHRINE LOIS SCOBEY

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

759

Copyright, 1903, by
OLIVE BROWNE HORNE and KATHERINE LOIS SCOBEY.

Copyright, 1931, by
KATHERINE SCOBEY PUTNAM.

Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

GREAT ARTISTS.

W. P. 30

1029

PREFACE

In trying to interest the children of our own school in some of the world's great pictures and the artists who painted them, we felt the need of reading material on the subject. We searched for it, but found nothing that could be put into the hands of young children. The sketches contained in this book were then written.

The lessons given are intended for supplementary reading in the third and fourth grades. We suggest that picture study precede the reading in class of each sketch. The abundance of good copies of the masterpieces of art, which may be obtained at a very small price, makes the accomplishment of this easy. A picture never fails to arouse the interest of a child. Through good pictures he may be taught to recognize and appreciate the beautiful in art. May we not hope that this will lead him to an appreciation of the good and the beautiful in whatsoever form it may be presented to him?

The field of art is a comparatively new one for

our public school children. The very novelty of the work appeals to teachers as well as to pupils; but novelty in itself is no recommendation. When, however, it leads to the study of great-minded and simple-hearted men, it attaches to itself no inconsiderable value. Nothing tends to character building so much as the study of the biographies of great men.

With a wish that it may contribute in some degree to the strengthening of character in our boys and girls, which is, after all, the end and aim of all true teaching, we send this little book forth.

OLIVE BROWN HORNE
KATHRINE LOIS SCOBEY

CLYDE, ILLINOIS

INTRODUCTION

Too little of what is aesthetic and ethical has come into the lives of children through the medium of the public schools. The narrow interpretation of the word "practical" has oftentimes shaped courses of study for the sole purpose of aiding students to "get on" in the world, or, in other words, to make a living. This purpose is laudable if it does not stop short. The training should also make the living worth the getting, or the lives worth the living. Certainly whatever adds to the loveliness of a character, or enriches the thought content of a mind, or develops a perception of and love for what is beautiful, is "practical" in the highest degree.

Undoubtedly the most powerful influence in the world is its great writers; but a close second is its great artists, and then its great musicians. The more children are taught to love the products of master minds, whether literature, art, or music, the richer and better will be their lives, and, consequently, the more successful. The training to this

end cannot be begun too early in school life, and there is no better medium than the school reading.

Stories of the lives of great artists, taken in connection with some study of their works, through the excellent reproductions available for every school, make delightful and valuable additions to the ordinary courses of study. Hence we hail with pleasure the charming sketches which make up this little book. They are all the more valuable because well-trained children in third and fourth grades can read them with ease.

O. T. BRIGHT

Stories of Great Artists

RAPHAEL

(1483–1520)

CHILDHOOD OF RAPHAEL

Far away across the sea lies the sunny land of Italy. Blue are the sparkling waters of its seas. Still more blue is the cloudless sky. Nestling among the mountains are many little villages. Urbino is one of these. The gray stone houses can scarcely be seen against the background of trees. From a window of one of these houses one may see the valleys with their beautiful vineyards. Here the dark-eyed Italian children are picking purple grapes.

About four hundred years ago, in a beautiful house in Urbino, lived Giovanni Sanzio. His wife was an Italian woman. She had soft, dark eyes and a low, musical voice. Very much like her was their little son Raphael. They loved him so dearly they gave him the name of an angel. His eyes were deepest

blue. They were thoughtful and dreamy. His brown hair floated lightly over his shoulders. In his little blue cap and suit, he was as beautiful as an angel.

Raphael's father was an artist. Let us visit his home. We may see there a picture of his wife and child. The loving father has painted them as the Madonna and the Christ-child. The painting was done on the plaster of the wall. It is still there.

When a very small boy, Raphael loved to play in his father's studio. There were many little tasks that he could do to help his father. There were brushes to be washed and palettes to be cleaned. Oh, there was work in plenty for little Raphael! Giovanni Sanzio painted beautiful angels and holy Madonnas. His little son was often at his side as the work was going on.

In Italy, one loves to be out of doors. Raphael spent much of his time in the bright, sunshiny air. There was much to be seen in those olden times, if one used his eyes. Perhaps one might see a procession of monks climbing up the mountain road. Sometimes a red-robed cardinal on a white mule rode among them. At another time, the peasants might be seen coming to market. Their donkeys carried loads of olives and melons. Again, a troop of soldiers

would march past. See the flags flying and plumes waving! How their lances glitter in the bright sunshine! All of these sights were dear to our little Raphael. He loved to hear the trumpets sound from the castle on the hill. That meant that the duke and his friends were soon to ride forth. The horses pranced and tossed their heads. How rich the garments of the men and how noble their faces!

Raphael enjoyed the beauties that were always about him. All that was lovely in the landscape he saw. He looked, and thought, and grew. The wise father left the little dreamer to himself. He felt sure that Raphael would one day paint the beautiful things he saw.

In the streets of Urbino a house was brightly lighted one night. A feast was being held there. The sound of music was heard. The murmur of happy voices came from the open doors. Guest after guest entered the mansion. No one was more welcome than Perugino.

Perugino was one of the best painters in Italy. All the guests hurried to welcome him. The wife of Giovanni came forward leading her little son, Raphael. The artist smiled as he saw the lovely mother and her boy. "You are welcome," she said in her soft, musical voice. She placed the hand of

Raphael in that of the artist. He laid his other hand on the boy's head, saying tenderly, "God bless you, my son."

"How glad we are that you are here to-day," said Giovanni, "for this is our son's birthday." Perugino was greatly pleased with the child. He said, "Let the boy come to live with me. I will take him as my pupil." A bright smile, like a sunbeam, darted across Raphael's face. His mother could not think of sparing her little boy yet. She said he might go when he was older.

Alas! before that day came the gentle mother died. The father was left to care for the boy alone. Giovanni and his son were now constantly together. Raphael loved his father dearly. How sad and lonely he was when three years later his father died. After this, Raphael's uncle took the place of his father.

Once Raphael went to visit Andrea, an old friend of his father's. Andrea was an artist who lived in a town near by. Andrea's welcome was hearty. It made Raphael feel at home. He almost forgot that he was in a strange place. The first day he was there, the house door closed suddenly. Looking up, Raphael saw a man in the garb of a priest. "Why does he move so cautiously and seem to feel his way

along the wall?" thought Raphael. As he approached, Raphael saw that he was blind.

"Draw near, good stranger. I should like to know you," said the priest. The youth went slowly up to him. The priest passed his hand lightly over the boy's face. "Thou art very young," he said in great surprise. "How could thy parents let thee leave thy home so soon?" "They are no longer living, but I have been taught that God cares for me." The priest raised his cap and said, "Blessed are they who put their trust in Him. What is thy name, my son?" "Raphael," answered the boy, "and my father was well loved in Urbino."

The good priest, who was Andrea's brother, led the way to the kitchen. In the middle of the room stood a table covered with a white cloth. On the table was a dish heaped with juicy grapes and figs. Beside it a pitcher of fresh milk had been placed. Andrea and his family were seated about the table.

Raphael was the first to finish his supper. He drew from his pocket a small sketch-book, which his father had given him. He wished to make a sketch of the blind man. He held the book below the edge of the table. He thought that no one would notice him. Andrea peeped over his shoulder and watched his work. Raphael made a few quick strokes. How

surprised Andrea was to see a picture of his brother! Raphael had shown all the love and kindness in the good priest's face.

"Have you any other sketches, Raphaelino? Let me see the book," said Andrea. He looked it through, and found among other drawings a Madonna. Andrea was much pleased with the sweet, tender face.

Many happy days Raphael spent with these kind friends. He often went with the priest to the dimly-lighted cathedral. He loved to watch the glimmering candles and listen to the soft music. Very rich were the colors in the windows. The afternoon sunlight fell across pictures of beautiful saints and Madonnas. Happier still were the hours spent with Andrea in the little studio. He watched Andrea at his work. He longed for the time to come when he should study with Perugino. His father had promised this.

At length the day arrived. He said good-by to his friends, and set out with a happy heart. He was then sixteen years old. There were many young men in Perugino's studio, but Raphael's work was best of all. When Perugino saw Raphael he said, "Let him be my pupil. He will some day be my master." He remained with his teacher several

Raphael

RAPHAEL

years. He listened carefully to Perugino. Soon he could paint as well as his master. In fact, one could scarcely tell Raphael's pictures from Perugino's.

THE PAINTINGS OF RAPHAEL

One day when Raphael was busily painting, a friend entered. "Thou hast done well, my Raphael," he exclaimed, looking at the artist's work. "I have just returned from Florence. How I wish that you might see the works of Leonardo! Such horses! They paw the ground, and shake the foam from their manes. Perugino is a good man and a good painter. I will not deny that — but Leonardo's horses!"

Raphael threw aside his brush and hastily arose. "Where are you going?" asked his friend. "To Florence!" exclaimed Raphael.

Raphael had always heard of the beauty of Florence. Perugino had often spoken to his pupils of the great artists that lived in that city. He told them of the marble palaces. He described the lovely gardens. He talked with them about the dome of the cathedral, more beautiful than any other in the world. Raphael's heart was filled with a great desire to see fair Florence.

So he went to the beautiful city. He was soon known and loved by the greatest artists in Florence. His beauty, his kindly manner, and sunny temper made friends for him wherever he went. His beautiful drawings made him a favorite in the studios. One of the pictures he painted while in Florence is the *Madonna of the Gardens*. It now hangs in an art gallery in Paris.

Not far from Florence is the larger city of Rome. It, too, is noted for its beautiful pictures and wonderful buildings. One of these is the palace of the Pope. It is called the Vatican. It has more than a thousand rooms. Some of the walls of this building are covered with paintings. Whenever the Pope heard of a remarkable artist, he sent for him. When Raphael was twenty-five years old, he received an invitation from the Pope to come to Rome, and do some painting in the Vatican.

Raphael's first work in Rome was the painting of frescoes in the Pope's palace. Now you must know that a fresco is a painting on wet plaster. The colors are allowed to dry with the plaster. The Pope was greatly pleased with Raphael's work. He decided that he should decorate all of the halls of the Vatican.

There were many beautiful paintings there by

Perugino and other artists. The Pope ordered these to be removed to make room for Raphael's drawings. When Raphael heard that the work of his teacher was to be taken away, he was very sad. He persuaded the Pope to leave Perugino's paintings untouched. They are still to be seen in Rome.

One of the Madonnas painted in Rome is called the *Madonna of the Chair*. In this beautiful picture we see the mother holding the Christ-child lovingly in her arms, just as a mother now holds her baby. From an old story we learn how this picture happened to be round.

In one of the beautiful valleys of Italy lived a hermit. An oak tree grew near his hut. It shaded his home in the hot summer, and protected it in winter. The swaying of the branches, and the rustling of the leaves was music to the hermit. He thought of the oak tree as a friend.

Another friend he had, too. This was Mary, the daughter of a vinedresser, not far away. Mary was very kind to the old man. She brought him fresh fruit from her father's vineyard. The hermit often thought of these two kind friends. One had a voice like yours, perhaps. The other spoke only by the movement of its branches.

Once there was a great storm. The oak tree

Raphael

THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

seemed to beckon the old man to come up among its branches for safety. He did so. He saw that the birds, too, had found shelter there.

The little hut was destroyed by the winds, but the hermit was safe. Soon he had eaten the bread that he had taken with him. He grew faint with hunger. Then thoughtful Mary came. She brought him food, and took him to her own home.

The hermit prayed that his two friends might never be forgotten. He wished that when people saw one, they might think of the other. By and by the hermit died. The oak tree was cut down and made into wine barrels. Lovely Mary was married. She became the mother of two boys.

One day, as she sat with her children, the artist Raphael passed by. He saw the young mother and her children. He made a sketch of the lovely group on a cover of a barrel that stood near by, which had been made out of the wood of the old oak. When he went home, he filled out his sketch in loveliest color.

So the prayer of the hermit was answered. Shall we not always think of the hermit's two friends, when we see the *Madonna of the Chair?*

In almost everyone of his pictures Raphael has painted a lovely child. You have seen the young

Raphael

THE SISTINE MADONNA

St. John in the *Madonna of the Chair* and the little angels in the *Sistine Madonna*. The story is told that this wonderful picture was painted at first without the angels. Raphael one day found two little boys resting their arms on a ledge under the picture. They were looking up at the child Jesus and the lovely mother. He was so pleased with this, that he at once painted their portraits as angels in the picture.

Another thing that you will notice in Raphael's pictures is the color. It is very soft and yet glowing. One might almost fancy it to be part of a glorious sunset. It is laid on the canvas very thin. The lines of the drawing can sometimes be seen beneath.

Raphael's work in Rome was marvelous. He became known as the greatest painter in Italy. Now, many people think he is the greatest painter in all the world. His studio was filled with artists. They wished to learn something of his secret in painting. It is said that Raphael was greatly loved by these pupils. Sometimes as many as fifty of them would walk with him on the streets. They were glad to be near the master painter.

You have all seen copies of the *Sistine Madonna* and have felt its great beauty. It is the most lovely of all of Raphael's Madonnas and indeed, of all the Madon-

nas in the world. It hangs in the Dresden Gallery, in Germany, in a room by itself. As people look upon the Mother and Christ-child, their eyes fill with tears. Men lift their hats and pass silently on. The room is so quiet that one can hear the slightest sound.

Though Raphael died when he was only thirty-seven years old, he lives still in the hearts of all those who have seen his pictures. One cannot see his pictures without loving both them and the gentle artist who painted them.

THE CHILD OF URBINO

(Adapted from Ouida.)

Raphael was a very happy little boy in old Urbino. He had a loving mother and a father who was very tender. He painted Raphael among the angels of heaven.

It was pleasant in those days to live in Urbino. In the fine old houses every stone was sound. Men built them to live in and to pass on to their children after them. The peasants were good friends with the prince. They knew that in any trouble they could go up to the palace and receive help. Each

one did his work in the best way, so all were happy and contented.

They had their day of honest toil from sunrise to sunset. Then they walked out or sat about in the calm evening air. They looked down on the plains below that were rich in grain and fruit. They talked and laughed together, and were content with their own, useful lives.

Can you not picture to yourself good, wise Giovanni Sanzio, and his little son running by his side? It is the holy evening time of a feast day. The deep-toned bells are ringing. The setting sun casts long shadows across the hills. Yes, life was very good in those days in old Urbino.

At this time Urbino was becoming famous for its pottery. Tall vases, graceful jars, and beautiful bowls were made there. When the prince wished to send a gift to any one, he often chose a piece of Urbino pottery.

Now there lived in Urbino a master potter. His name was Benedetto. He was a stern, gray-haired man. He had a beautiful daughter, Pacifica. She was a lovely young woman. Raphael loved her. He loved everything that was beautiful and everyone who was kind.

The house of Benedetto was a long, stone building.

The porch at the back was shaded by rose trees. It looked on a garden where plum trees, pear trees, and wood strawberries grew. This porch was a pleasant spot. It was filled with the song of birds and the perfume of flowers. The little son of neighbor Sanzio ran in and out of this big, wide house and garden whenever he pleased. Pacifica was always glad to see him. Sometimes the master potter would teach him the secret of painting on clay.

One day Raphael was sad. His friend Luca was in trouble. Luca was a strong, manly fellow. He would have liked well to be a soldier. Because he loved Pacifica, he was working with her father to become a potter. The prince had offered a prize for the best painting on a vase. How Luca wished that he might win the prize!

He had heard Benedetto say that the best painter should marry Pacifica. No wonder Luca was troubled. He knew there were many artists in Urbino who could paint better than he. Raphael, too, knew this. He could not bear to see his friend Luca in tears. How could he help his friend? This thought came to him again and again. At last he found a way. He hurried to Luca. "Let me paint the vase," said Raphael.

For three months Raphael worked every day.

Where do you think he was? In Luca's attic, before a bowl almost as big as himself. No one but Luca knew what the child was doing. They could not have kept the secret if Raphael's father had been at home; but he was away many weeks, and the child's mother said nothing. She knew well that Pacifica loved Raphael, and that no harm could come to him under her roof. Pacifica herself thought he was watching Luca paint. She loved him all the better for that. How handsome and brave and gentle Luca was! Poor Pacifica cared little whether he could paint or not. He could have made her happy.

In the attic Raphael passed the most troubled hours of his life. He would not allow Luca to look at what he did. When he went away he locked his work in the cupboard. The swallows came in through the open windows of the attic. They fluttered about the room. The morning sunbeams came, too. They touched the boy's fair hair lovingly, and seemed to say, "Be of good cheer, little Raphael." He was only seven years old, yet how faithfully he worked!

He covered hundreds of sheets with drawings. When at last he had them perfect, he sketched them on the clay. Ah, how glad he was now that his father had allowed him to draw ever since he was

two years old! He was glad, too, that Master Benedetto had shown him how to lay on the color.

So Raphael worked on and on, there in the attic. The tulips bloomed and withered. The wheat and barley were cut. The three months, all but a week, had passed by. One afternoon Raphael took Luca by the hand and said, "Come." He led the young man up to the attic.

Luca gave a great cry when he saw the vase. Then he fell upon his knees before the child. "Dear Luca, do not do that. If it is good, let us thank God." The colors on the vase shone like melted jewels. The garlands were beautiful. So was the soft light on the mountains. The white-robed figure in the center was still more beautiful. The child painter had given this figure the face of Pacifica.

When the vase was put away, Luca said, "But Raphaelino, I do not see how your wonderful work will help me. I could not let it pass as mine. That would be a shame, a fraud." The child's only answer was, "Do trust me."

At last the great day arrived. All the vases were on a table. Ten young men had tried for the prize. Luca had been obliged to place his work with the rest. Each vase was marked with a number. The

prince, followed by Benedetto, came in. Raphael's father and some of the potter's other friends, came, too.

The prince passed from vase to vase. For each one he had words of praise. Before Luca's vase he remained silent. At last, before one that stood at the very farthest end of the table, he gave a cry of delight. Benedetto was greatly surprised and pleased. Giovanni Sanzio came a little nearer. He tried to see over the shoulders of those in front.

"This is by far the most beautiful. It is worth its weight in gold," said the prince as he lifted the great jar. "But whose is it?" he said impatiently. "Master Benedetto, I pray you the name of the artist. Quick, I pray you, quick." "It is marked number eleven, my lord," answered the potter. "Let him who has that number stand out. The prince has chosen your work. Do you hear me?" No one moved.

Then Raphael loosened his hand from his father's hold. He went forward and stood before the master potter. "I painted it," he said, with a pleased smile — "I, Raphael." The prince stepped forward. He took a jewel hung on a gold chain from his own breast. He threw it over Raphael's shoulders. The child kissed the prince's hand with sweet-

est grace. Then he turned to his father. "Is it true that I have won the prize?" "Quite true, my angel," said Sanzio. Raphael looked up at Master Benedetto. "Then I claim the hand of Pacifica."

"You cannot mean that," answered Benedetto, smiling. "I do, indeed, though," replied the child. "I give the rights which I have won to my dear friend Luca. He is the best man in all the world, and loves Pacifica most truly."

Benedetto burst into tears, saying, "It shall be as you wish." Luca sprang forward, pale as death. He knelt before Raphael, where all the world has knelt ever since.

MICHAEL ANGELO

(1475–1564)

EARLY LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO

HAVE you ever seen a marble statue? Can you believe that it was once a mere block of stone? What skill it must take to change the rough stone into a statue! A person who has this skill is called a sculptor. One of the greatest sculptors that ever lived was Michael Angelo.

Michael Angelo was born in Italy more than four hundred years ago. He had a number of brothers and sisters. All of the boys, except Michael, were sent to learn trades. He was sent to school. His father wanted him to become a scholar.

The boy would not stay at his books. He ran away from his lessons, and spent his time in studios. At home he was always drawing. He covered all the bits of paper that he could find with pictures. He even covered the walls with charcoal sketches.

His father did not like this. He did not wish his son to be an artist. Artists were nearly always poor in those days. He punished the boy for spending his time in drawing. It was of no use. No other trade but painting would satisfy Michael Angelo.

Michael attended a school in Florence. His parents lived in that city. One of the boys in the school was as fond of drawing as Michael Angelo. They became great friends. They used to go about Florence together. They liked to watch artists at work.

This boy friend knew one of the greatest artists in Florence. Michael Angelo visited the studio of this artist with his friend. Then Michael Angelo wished more than ever to learn to paint. He became a great

friend of the artist. He wished to study with him, but he feared his father would not allow this.

At last Michael Angelo's father consented. One day he talked with the artist. He showed him his son's sketches. The artist was surprised and pleased. He said, "Let your son come to me to study. I will pay you for his work." So the bargain was made.

There was one happy boy in Florence that day. Michael Angelo was delighted at the thought of learning to paint. He wasted no time in beginning his work. His friend was studying with the same teacher. They worked together for three years.

One day Michael Angelo was watching one of the pupils at work. He was copying a drawing of the master's. Michael Angelo thought the teacher's drawing was poorly done. Taking a pencil he drew the correct outline with rapid strokes. The lad finished his copy. He returned it to the master, who saw that some new lines had been drawn. "Who has changed this picture?" he asked. "Michael Angelo," replied the boy. "So I thought," exclaimed the master. "None other could have done it."

In those times pictures were often painted on the walls of public buildings. Michael Angelo's teacher was decorating the walls of a church. The best pupils helped in the work. They had to climb on

ladders to reach the pictures. One day the master was away. The pupils went on with the work. Michael Angelo made a drawing. His picture showed the inside of the church, the ladders and the workmen. When the teacher returned he saw the drawing. The careful work pleased him. He exclaimed, "This boy already knows more of art than I do."

A noble prince lived in Florence at this time. His home was in a palace. Gardens surrounded it. The palace and park was called St. Mark's. This prince liked beautiful statues. He had brought many from different parts of the world. These had been placed in the gardens of St. Mark's.

The prince was generous. He wished others to enjoy his statues. He wrote to all the best drawing teachers in Florence. The letters said, "Choose your two best pupils. Send them to the gardens of St. Mark's. There they may study the statues. A fine teacher is ready to help them."

When Michael Angelo's teacher received his letter, he read it to the pupils. There was not a boy in the whole class who did not wish to go. But only two could go. They thought Michael Angelo would be chosen. They all knew that he was the best pupil. They were right. Michael Angelo and his friend were sent to study at the palace.

In the gardens of Saint Mark's, Michael Angelo at first spent his time in drawing. Then he saw a youth modeling in clay, and thought that he would like to do the same. Soon Michael Angelo began to work in clay, too.

He often watched the masons cutting stone and marble. They were building a library. The young artist made friends with the workmen. He begged the pieces of marble which they could not use. He tried to carve figures from his bits of stone.

One day, while Michael Angelo was carving, the prince came by. He noticed the boy's work, and pointed out to him a mistake he had made. The next day the prince came again. He stopped to look at Michael Angelo's work. The mistake had been corrected. This pleased the prince.

The prince was so well pleased that he came often to talk with the lad. He invited him to come and live in the palace. Then, indeed, was Michael Angelo happy. He thought, "I shall work very hard to please this kind friend."

The prince had three sons. Michael Angelo spent much of his time with these young men. They had the finest teachers in Florence. The four young men studied together. Michael Angelo had some lessons that the others did not have. He went on with his

drawing and carving. He was also taught to work in bronze.

Some of the wisest men in all Italy came to visit the prince. Michael Angelo liked to hear them talk. He learned many things by listening to them.

Three happy years he spent in the palace of the prince. When Michael Angelo was eighteen years old, his good friend died. Many people in Florence were made sad by the death of the prince. No one was so sad as Michael Angelo.

HOW MICHAEL ANGELO BECAME FAMOUS

After the death of the prince, Michael Angelo went to his father's home. He opened a studio there, and spent much of his time in study. He used both the brush and the chisel. Some of the statues which he made at that time may still be seen in Florence.

One of the statues which Michael Angelo carved is called *The Sleeping Cupid.* It was sent to Rome to be sold. A rich man bought it. He thought that it was one of the most beautiful statues he had ever seen. He tried in every way to learn the name of the sculptor. No one could tell him. The man, who had sold him the statue, said it had been made in Florence.

The owner of the statue called a messenger to him. He said, "Go to Florence and find the sculptor who made *The Sleeping Cupid*. Look at the work of all the sculptors in Florence. Pick out the one who does the best work. He will surely be the one who carved my statue. Invite him to come to Rome."

The messenger did as he was told. Many artists came to him. They brought their work. Michael Angelo, alone, came without any. The messenger asked him what he could do. Michael Angelo said not a word. Silently he took a pen. On a piece of paper he sketched a perfect hand. As soon as he saw the drawing, the messenger exclaimed, "At last I have found the artist who made *The Sleeping Cupid*."

Michael Angelo was twenty-one years old when he went to Rome. His time was well spent in the great city. He worked very hard with his chisel. Indeed, he worked in marble all the time. For many years he did not use his brushes at all.

One of the most beautiful statues ever made in Rome is called *Pity*. Michael Angelo carved this marble in 1498. Hundreds of people came to see it. They wished to see the sculptor, too; and they had many words of praise for him.

The statue represents Mary, the mother of Jesus.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Michael Angelo

She is holding the dead Christ across her knees. What love and pity are shown in the mother's face! How tenderly she holds her dearly-loved son! This statue still stands in the city where it was made.

Once two men were looking at this piece of work. Michael Angelo was standing near. They did not know who he was. One of the men asked, "Who carved this beautiful marble?" The other gave the name of a sculptor who lived in another country. Michael Angelo said nothing.

That night, however, he returned to the place. He carried with him a lantern and a chisel. He cut his name on the girdle of Mary's dress. It was the last time that he ever put his name on any piece of his work.

Michael Angelo's work soon became well known in Rome. When he had been there two years, people said that he was the greatest sculptor in Italy. To-day people say that he is one of the greatest sculptors in all the world.

In 1501 Michael Angelo made a visit to Florence. There was a huge block of marble in that city. Several sculptors had tried to use it. They could not make a statue of it because it was so large.

People in Florence often spoke about it. They

said, "What shall we do with that great block of marble? What a pity to have such a fine piece unused!" One said, "I wonder if Michael Angelo could carve anything from it?" When he came to the city they asked him. "I will try what I can do," replied Michael Angelo.

For a year and a half he worked away at the immense piece of stone. He was very busy during all those months with his mallet and chisel. The ground all about became covered with pieces of marble. When the artist was at work, how the chips flew! A sculptor must work very carefully, however, for if he chisels off too large a piece of marble, his statue is spoiled.

At the end of eighteen months the work was completed. The piece of marble, that no one could use, was changed into a beautiful statue.

It represents a young man. He has a sling-shot over his shoulder. He is going forth alone to fight with a giant. It is David, the shepherd boy.

The statue of David weighed eighteen thousand pounds. It took forty men four days to move it. They placed it at the gate of the city. For centuries it stood there. The people of Florence loved the statue. They thought that no harm could come to their city while the David stood at the gate.

Michael Angelo

DAVID

Near the Pope's palace in Rome there is a famous church called St. Peter's. It is very large, and has many parts. One of these is the Sistine Chapel. Do you remember the *Sistine Madonna?*

When Michael Angelo returned from his visit to Florence, Julius was pope. He wished to have the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel decorated. He invited Michael Angelo to paint it. "I am a sculptor, not a painter," said Michael Angelo. "Raphael is skillful with the brush. Why do you not ask him to do the work?" But Julius would be satisfied with no one but Michael Angelo. At last he consented to try it.

It was many years since Michael Angelo had done any painting. He feared he could not do the work. He asked other artists to help him. Their work did not please him, and he soon sent them all away. He erased what they had done.

It is not easy to paint a ceiling. A framework must be built to reach almost to the ceiling. On this framework the artist must work. The painting must be done so it will look well from below.

For almost two years Michael Angelo shut himself up in the Sistine Chapel. On its ceiling he painted many, many figures. He told the stories of the Bible in his pictures.

Michael Angelo was obliged to lie on his back on the framework much of the time. In this position he painted nearly all the figures. The colors dripped down upon his face and beard.

He began his work at dawn. He did not stop until he could no longer see to paint. Many nights he did not leave the chapel at all. He hardly took time for his meals, often contenting himself with a crust of bread.

No one, except the pope, was allowed to enter the chapel. He often came to see how the work was going on. Sometimes he climbed up on the framework and watched Michael Angelo using his brushes.

At the end of twenty months the work was finished. The framework was taken down. The doors of the Sistine Chapel were thrown open. Great crowds came to look at Michael Angelo's work.

Raphael came with the others. He looked at the ceiling for a long time without saying a word. Turning to the pope, he exclaimed, "This is indeed wonderful. Never in my life have I seen such painting." It is said that Raphael himself painted better after seeing Michael Angelo's work in the Sistine Chapel.

For sixty-eight years Michael Angelo lived in Rome. He had few holidays in all that time.

MOSES

Michael Angelo

Almost every day he worked hard. Some of his best known statues are *Moses*, *The Thinker*, *Day* and *Night*, and *Twilight* and *Dawning*. The statue of *Moses* is in Rome and the others are in Florence.

A friend of Michael Angelo's liked to watch him work. He said this about him. "When Michael Angelo was sixty years old, he was stronger than many young men. I have seen him make more chips of marble fly about in a quarter of an hour than three young sculptors could in an hour."

Michael Angelo had a lonely life. He had few friends and was never married. He dressed soberly. When all other people, even the men, wore gay colors, he wore only black.

He lived in a house by himself, and kept one servant to care for his home. When the servant became old and ill, Michael Angelo was very kind to him. He used to sit up all night to care for this faithful old servant. When he died, the master was sad.

After Michael Angelo reached the age of sixty, he performed two of his greatest works. One of these was the painting of a picture called *The Last Judgment*. The other was the building of a beautiful church.

Would you not like to visit the Sistine Chapel?

THE THINKER

Michael Angelo

You would see the wonderful ceiling painted by Michael Angelo. Another of his works is there also, —*The Last Judgment*, which is painted on one of the walls.

Michael Angelo often worked day and night at *The Last Judgment*. At last it was finished. The Sistine Chapel was opened on Christmas Day. The grand picture was uncovered. People from all parts of Italy came to see it.

Michael Angelo was made architect of St. Peter's in 1546. It had been commenced forty years before by another architect.

Many architects worked on the plans for St. Peter's. In fact, the church is so large that it was not finished until more than a hundred years after it was begun. Michael Angelo worked at it for seventeen years. During all of that time he refused to take pay for his labor. "I do this for the honor of God," he said. He planned a great dome for the building.

Have you ever seen a picture of the Capitol at Washington? The dome of this building is copied from the dome of St. Peter's.

Michael Angelo did not live to see the dome finished. He left drawings that showed how he wished the work to be done. These were carefully followed.

Twenty-four years after his death, the dome was completed. The people of Italy thought it was the most wonderful work of the kind they had ever seen. To-day people from all over the world go to visit St. Peter's.

Before Michael Angelo planned the dome of St. Peter's, he was known as the greatest painter and sculptor in all Italy. After that he was known as a great architect also. Many other great men lived in the same century with Michael Angelo, — Raphael, who painted the most beautiful Madonnas the world has ever seen, and Columbus, who discovered a new continent; yet greater than either of these was Michael Angelo.

REMBRANDT VAN RYN

(1607–1669)

REMBRANDT'S NATIVE LAND

Come with me far across the sea to Holland, and visit our good Dutch friends. Holland is a very small country. We shall see no mountains here, for the country is very low. Now you must know that low land is often wet land. Indeed, the word *Hol-*

land means *wet land*. We shall find that this is a good name.

We can hardly believe it when we learn that Holland is lower than the ocean. "Why, then," we say at once, "does not the sea overflow the land? If that were true, the houses would be destroyed. The gardens and fields would be flooded, and the cattle would be drowned."

It is true that all these things would happen if the people did not have the dikes. Without them they could not live in Holland at all. These dikes are great walls of stone and earth. They are built along the beach. They keep back the sea. They are very high and are so wide that carts can be driven on their tops. In some places houses have been built on the dikes. How carefully the Dutch people watch for a leak in the dike! If one of these great banks should give way, many lives would be lost.

In Holland there are canals running in every direction. In some towns there are no streets at all. Canals are used instead. Many bridges span these canals.

Winter is the happiest season of the year for the Dutch children. Then all the canals are frozen. Every man, woman, and child has a pair of skates.

What a crowd of happy people! Children race to school on their skates. The women skate to market. On their heads they carry baskets filled with cheeses and rolls of butter.

Almost anywhere in Holland one may see windmills. They are used for grinding corn, sawing wood, and pumping water. The wind fills the sails of the windmills. The great arms whirl swiftly around. The machinery is set in motion. When the wind does not blow, no work can be done.

Let us visit one of the homes in this interesting country. How clean and orderly everything is! The copper pots and brass kettles hang above the broad fireplace. The dancing flames make them shine like polished gold. There are no carpets on most of the floors; they have been sprinkled with clean, white sand instead.

The furniture is waxed and polished. The chairs all stand back against the walls in straight rows. We are shown into the parlor, because we are visitors. The children are not allowed to enter this room except on Sundays and holidays. We must step very carefully, for patterns in the sand have been traced on the floor. We see good engravings hanging on the walls. In richer homes we should find oil paintings.

Now we must say good-by to the kind Dutch dame and her tidy house. As we pass through the yard we see the children scrubbing their wooden shoes with sand. When they are as white as snow, they will place them in a row outside the door.

The outside of the house is almost as spotless as the inside. Would it not seem strange to see some one washing the outside of a house? That is just what they do in Holland. Even that is not enough; they give the houses a fresh coat of paint each year.

Every home has a garden near it. The narrow paths are covered with fine, white gravel. They are as neat as everything else about a Dutch home. Here and there are bright beds of blossoming flowers. How beautiful the red and yellow tulips are in the bright sunshine! We are told that we may pick some of the gay blossoms. We are glad then that we came to Holland in the spring.

Nearly all of the houses are built on the banks of the canals. As we look down the canals, we see that the houses stand in straight rows. The trees have been planted in straight lines. Every house has a windmill. Even the windmills have been built in rows. The trees and windmills look like two rows of soldiers on each side of the canal.

One of the largest cities in Holland is Amsterdam. Much business is carried on there. Years ago it was even a busier place than it is now. Merchants from all over the world came to trade in Amsterdam. The people did well in their business. They had all the money they needed. Their homes were pleasant and happy. They liked to hang fine pictures on their walls. They also bought large oil paintings for halls and public buildings. For these reasons many artists came to live in Amsterdam. They found it easy to sell their work there.

One of the smaller Dutch cities is called Leyden. It stands on the banks of the river Rhine. There are scores of bridges in this city. They are built across the canals and across the river also. The bridges reach from one island to another, for Leyden is built upon islands. This place is well known for its university.

Many, many years ago an army tried to capture Leyden. The Dutch people fought bravely. They were willing to give up anything to save their country. For many days they did not have enough to eat. At last the cruel war was over. The enemy had sailed away.

The prince of the country was called William of Orange. He wished to reward the brave people of

Leyden. He said they might choose between a large gift of gold and a university. The people needed money to rebuild their homes. Yet they chose the university. Was not that a wise thing to do?

BOYHOOD OF REMBRANDT

About three hundred years ago a child called Rembrandt Van Ryn was born in Leyden. His father was a miller. His mill stood on the banks of the river Rhine. *Van Ryn* means *of the Rhine.* So the child was called Rembrandt Van Ryn to show where his home was. In Holland one can often tell from his name where a person lives.

Rembrandt's father was well-to-do. His mother was a good woman. She spent all of her time caring for her home and her children. Rembrandt had four brothers and sisters. They had a comfortable home near the mill. The children spent much of their time there. They liked to play in the dim, dusty, old place. They liked to watch the sails of the windmill turn swiftly about. They tried to help the dust-covered miller pile up the great sacks of grain.

The child Rembrandt was sent to school, as all other Dutch children were. He was a bright little

fellow. He was so good-natured that all his playmates liked him. By and by he grew to be a tall, strong youth.

His parents asked him what trade he would like to follow. Rembrandt did not know which one to choose. He was sure, however, that he did not wish to be a miller. His parents hoped he would be a priest or a lawyer.

Do you remember that Prince William gave the people of Leyden a university? The lad was sent to this university at Leyden. It was surrounded by a park. Rembrandt spent much of his time there. Curious plants from many parts of the world grew in the hothouses. He was greatly interested in these odd plants.

Every Sunday he took a long walk into the country. He saw green meadows dotted with grazing cattle. There were fields shaded by great trees. He liked to watch the crimson and gold of the sunset light in the canals. Best of all, he liked the beautiful Rhine. All day ships were passing to and fro on the river. Rembrandt often sat for hours watching the procession of white and colored sails.

It is a great holiday. Years ago on this same day the enemy had been driven from the city. Banners of all colors are flying from the housetops.

Hark! Tramp, tramp, tramp come the soldiers down the street. In what straight lines they march! How well they keep step with the music! Rembrandt pushes his way to the very front of the crowd. He watches the glittering arms of the soldiers. How the sunlight gleams on their lances!

The younger soldiers are in the front ranks. See, the old soldiers are marching forward. The people cheer and cheer. The men and boys wave their hats in the air. The girls throw flowers in the path of the soldiers. Why do they greet the old soldiers in this way? Rembrandt never forgot the sights he saw in those days.

Rembrandt did not stay long at the university. He decided he did not wish to become a priest. He returned home. There were a number of artists in Leyden. Their pictures hung on the walls of the city hall. Rembrandt often visited that building. He looked at the engravings and the oil paintings. He liked the engravings better. He studied them for hours at a time.

"What trade shall our son learn?" said Rembrandt's father to his wife one day. "He will not be a miller, and does not care to be a priest." "The boy is very fond of fine pictures," said the

mother. "Shall we not send him to an artist to study?"

Soon after, Rembrandt was sent to an artist in Leyden. Can you not fancy how pleased the boy must have been? He stayed with this master three years. His teacher was very kind to him. He learned rapidly. Everyone who saw his work said he would some day be a great artist. At the end of the three years, his teacher could help him no more. He went back to his home.

After awhile Rembrandt went to Amsterdam to study. He worked only three months with his second teacher. Once again he went to Leyden to live. He had made up his mind that Nature should be his only teacher.

Rembrandt fitted up a studio in his father's mill. It had only one small window. The boy often watched the rays of the sun come through this window. The light fell on only one part of the room. The objects in that part could be clearly seen. The rest of the room was in shadow. Rembrandt noticed this, and tried to show it in his pictures.

In this studio Rembrandt painted a picture of his father in the mill. The mill is lighted by a lantern. The miller is piling up the great sacks in the storeroom. Most of the picture is in shadow. We can

see the miller plainly, because the light of the lantern falls upon him.

Friends, who saw the picture, admired it very much. They told Rembrandt they thought he could sell it. So he took it to the city. A picture dealer gave him one hundred florins for it. That is about forty dollars in our money. This was the first money that the boy had ever earned. He carried it proudly to his mother.

Rembrandt kept at work in his little studio in the mill. He painted a great many portraits. His family posed for him. He painted portraits of his sister, his cousins, and his father. The best work he did at this time was of his mother. As long as she lived she posed for him. He never tired of painting his dear mother's face. In many of her pictures she holds a Bible in her hands. In others the Bible is close beside her.

REMBRANDT IN AMSTERDAM

Rembrandt was a young man now. He wished to live among artists. There were more artists in Amsterdam than in any other city in Holland, so he decided to make his home there. Once again he said good-by to his friends and to the old home. He

journeyed to Amsterdam by canal. He lived there until he died.

People of this city had heard of Rembrandt's pictures. They were anxious to see the young artist. Some of the young men wished to become his pupils. He rented a large building for a studio. His pupils paid one hundred florins a year as tuition.

In many studios all the light comes from above. There are no windows in the walls. Rembrandt had such a studio. Sometimes he wished to have a strong light on only one object. Then he would darken all the windows but one. The light all fell in one place.

Perhaps Rembrandt is painting the portrait of a fine lady. He asks her to stand in the light. How beautiful is the rich silk and lace of her dress! Bands of pearls and rubies are about her throat and arms. Every jewel is a bit of light. Rembrandt showed all this in his picture — the shadow and the bright light, the silk, the lace, and the jewels.

When Rembrandt had been in Amsterdam only two years, his pictures were well known. He had more work than he could do. Many of the greatest people in the city wished him to paint their portraits. Priests, poets, rich merchants, and fashionable ladies came to him. He was very well paid.

Rembrandt removed to a better studio. Merchants

Rembrandt

ELIZABETH BAS

from all over the world brought beautiful things to Amsterdam. Now the artist could afford to buy some of these things. He bought heavy silks and richly colored velvets. He decorated his studio with them. He saw in the shops strange swords and daggers from other countries. He bought these and many other curious things for his studio.

Sometimes Rembrandt painted things for a joke. Once he fitted a piece of canvas in the window of his room. Canvas is thick, and shuts out the light. Yet Rembrandt painted this canvas to look like a pane of glass. He also painted a picture of his maid servant standing before this window as if she were about to open it.

Rembrandt had much fun watching the people who came in. They did not realize that the window was covered with painted canvas. The work was so well done, that they were sure that they saw a real window with a maid servant standing before it. They wondered why she stood there so long.

Once an old gentleman spoke to her. She did not answer. He became impatient. He wished to see Rembrandt alone. He walked up to the girl. He meant to ask her to leave the room. He started to touch her shoulder, when he found himself in front of a picture instead of a living person. How

surprised he was! He turned to Rembrandt. The artist was shaking with laughter.

It is said that Rembrandt made fifty pictures of himself. He would laugh as hard as he could. Then he would take up a mirror and look at himself laughing. He would try to paint just what he had seen in the hand glass. In this way he learned to put a laughing face into a picture.

Sometimes he looked sad or frowned. Again he looked frightened. Each time he studied his own face in the mirror. Afterwards he painted or engraved what he had seen. After such study as this, no wonder he could paint portraits well.

Often Rembrandt studied his own dress rather than his face. One day he put on a knight's armor. At another time he dressed himself as a nobleman in a rich velvet cloak. Taking a steel plate, he made an etching of himself in this dress.

Rembrandt was called the prince of etchers. His etchings are almost as well known as his paintings. He engraved very rapidly.

Once he was taking dinner with a friend. There was no mustard on the table. Hans, the servant, was sent for some. The artist said, "I'll wager I can engrave a picture before Hans returns." Rembrandt's friend replied, "I'll wager you cannot."

REMBRANDT

Rembrandt

Rembrandt never went away from home without a copper plate. He took one from his pocket and began his picture. He worked with quick, firm strokes. In a little while Hans returned with the mustard. Just then, Rembrandt handed the finished plate to his friend. So the wager was won.

Rembrandt did not always choose beautiful things to paint. He often had beggars to pose for him. In some of Rembrandt's engravings we see these poor people. How ragged and uncared for they look! It became known in Amsterdam that the great artist was painting beggars. Many tramps gathered before his door every morning. Each one hoped Rembrandt would hire him to pose.

The great artist worked nearly every hour of the day. He let nothing keep him from his work. No one was allowed to disturb him. He would not have stopped his painting even for the king!

When Rembrandt was about twenty-seven years old, he married. His wife was a lovely young woman. Her name was Saskia. They had a very happy home. Rembrandt took great delight in giving Saskia beautiful presents. He bought her necklaces of beautiful jewels. He gave her heavy gold bracelets. Indeed, he thought nothing was too fine for his young wife.

Rembrandt did not care to paint his own picture now. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to have his wife pose for him. In one picture her head rests upon her hand. Beneath the broad straw hat she wears, her face is sweet and smiling.

In another picture she is a princess. Her long gown is of softest silk. The jewels about her neck and in her hair are most costly and beautiful. One of the loveliest pictures Rembrandt made of Saskia is called *The Jewish Bride.*

Of all the artists in Amsterdam, the Dutch people liked Rembrandt the best. They were willing to pay large prices for his pictures. People from other cities also liked his work.

The Night Watch is Rembrandt's finest picture. It was painted in 1642. It represents a company of soldiers in the street. They have been called out suddenly.

In the center of the company is the captain. He is dressed in brown with a red sash about his waist. Near the captain stands another officer. His coat is yellow and his sash is white. He wears a plume in his big yellow hat.

Some children have heard the drum. They wonder what is the matter. They slip in among the soldiers. The men themselves do not know what

Rembrandt

THE NIGHT WATCH

the trouble is. They have rushed out quickly and are not in line. Neither the flag bearer nor the drummer is in his place. Some soldiers have snatched up lances. One has a gun and another a sword.

A great many men had asked Rembrandt to paint this picture. When it was finished, they would not pay for it. They did not like it. Each man wanted his own face to show most in the picture. Only two faces showed plainly. These two men were pleased. Those who were in the shadow were disappointed. The artist never received pay for his work. *The Night Watch* now hangs in a gallery in Amsterdam.

Rembrandt was the father of several children. All, except one, died when they were very small. The son who lived was called Titus. His father painted several pictures of Titus while he was a baby. One shows the little fellow asleep. In another picture, the happy baby lies on a rug before a blazing fire.

Rembrandt's happiest days were past. It made him sad that people did not like *The Night Watch.* He could not sell as many pictures as he had sold in former years. The death of his children filled his heart with sorrow. But a greater sorrow came to him. The gentle Saskia died.

The beautiful home seemed lonely without Saskia. Rembrandt was too sad to paint any more.

Rembrandt

THE CLOTH MAKERS

He had not paid for all the things in his home. The merchants wanted their money. Rembrandt's house was sold to pay his debts. All the furniture and pictures in the house were sold too. Even Saskia's jewels and beautiful gowns were taken by the merchants.

In these days Rembrandt read the Bible a great deal. Soon he began to paint again. His pictures all represented Bible stories. He was poor and unhappy. Yet he worked as hard as ever.

For many years Rembrandt lived in Amsterdam, almost without friends. People came no more to have their portraits painted. Merchants no longer paid high prices for his engravings.

A few years before his death, Rembrandt was given an order for a picture. This must have pleased the artist. The picture is called *The Cloth Makers*. The people in Amsterdam liked it. Rembrandt was no longer sad.

Of all Dutch artists, Rembrandt is the greatest. The people in Holland still love him. They are proud of *The Cloth Makers* and *The Night Watch*. Both of these pictures hang in Dutch galleries. Not only in Holland, but in many other countries, is this artist admired.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

(1723–1792)

CHILDHOOD OF REYNOLDS

More than a hundred years ago, there lived in England a great artist. His name was Joshua Reynolds. He was a portrait painter. Few artists ever used such warm, soft colors. Few artists ever painted such good portraits. Few artists ever had such a happy, easy life.

Joshua Reynolds was born in England. His father was the master of a grammar school. Joshua was one of the pupils there. Sometimes he did not learn his lessons. He would much rather draw than study.

One day in school, his father said, "How did this happen, my son? You have failed in your Latin lesson." The boy hung his head. He answered not a word. He turned over the paper which he held in his hand. He gave it to his father. On the paper the father saw a drawing of a bookcase. The work was carefully done.

He knew now why the lesson was unfinished.

He was not at all pleased with the sketch. He was thinking of the half-written lesson on the other side. In large black letters, he wrote under the picture, "This is drawn by Joshua in school, out of pure idleness." He turned to the boy. "Waste no more time in drawing," he said. "Finish your Latin at once."

Joshua's father wished him to become a doctor. Every doctor must know Latin. That is why Joshua's father wished him to study his Latin.

Little Joshua had five brothers and sisters. They all liked to draw. They could not afford to buy pencils and paper. They were allowed to draw on the whitewashed walls of the hall. They used burnt sticks for pencils.

They all drew better than Joshua. The older girls helped the little brother. Sometimes they would take his chubby little hand and guide it. He began to improve. They no longer called him the clown, as they had done before.

When Joshua was eight years old, he made a sketch of the schoolhouse. All who saw it praised the little artist — all but his father. He said nothing.

Sometimes there was service in church on week days. One day Joshua went to church. Mr. Smart's

sermon was long. The boy grew tired of listening. He made a sketch of the minister on his thumb nail.

As soon as church was over, he ran to the beach. There he had a studio in an old boathouse. He took a piece of canvas which had once been a sail. From the sketch on his thumb nail, he drew a portrait of Mr. Smart. When the drawing was done, he painted it. His colors were common ship paints. This was the first time that Joshua ever made an oil painting. He was twelve years old.

As I told you before, Joshua's father wished him to become a doctor. The boy did not like the idea. He wanted to be an artist, but he said, "I would rather be a good doctor than a poor painter. Let me study with a fine master, and I am sure I can become a great artist." At last his father allowed him to have his own way.

The best teacher of painting in those days was Thomas Hudson. He lived in London. He was a portrait painter. Young men came from all parts of England to study with him.

When Joshua was seventeen years old, he set off for London. He was the happiest boy in all England. He was going to study with Hudson! His father had said that he might stay four years. No

wonder he was happy! For years he had dreamed of this time. At last his dreams had come true.

Joshua was very industrious in Hudson's studio. Part of his work was to copy drawings. He did this work well. His drawings were almost as good as the master's. Sometimes he spent whole days making sketches of statues. No matter what the work was, the boy was happy in doing it.

One day he wrote a letter to his father. He said, "While working here, I am the happiest person in the world."

Joshua stayed in London only two years. He could learn no more from his master, so he returned to his own home.

The people of the little town were proud of the young artist. They had heard how industrious he had been in London. Many of them came to him. They wished their portraits painted. All had words of praise for his work.

Three years were spent in this way. During this time he made portraits of some of the richest people in the county.

Reynolds's father died in 1746. He had lived to see his son well known as a painter. After the death of his father, Joshua Reynolds and two of his sisters lived together.

Reynolds

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

REYNOLDS IN ITALY

One of Reynolds's friends was a sailor and soldier, named Admiral Keppel. He was in command of a war ship. Keppel was to sail to the Mediterranean Sea. He invited his friend Reynolds to take the trip with him. You may be sure that the artist was very glad to go.

What a fine voyage they had! How they enjoyed skimming over the blue waters of the sea! Sometimes the ship stopped at a fort. Then Reynolds and his friend would go on land. Often they stayed several days. Once they stayed a week or two at a fort. Reynolds painted portraits of all the officers there.

When the ship reached Italy, Reynolds left his friend. He journeyed to Rome alone. There he lived two years.

All the time that he was in Rome, he worked hard. He spent many whole days in the art galleries. He studied the paintings of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Reynolds said that Michael Angelo was the king of all artists.

Two of Reynolds's sisters lent him the money to study in Rome. He often wrote to them. In one

letter he said, "To be in Rome is the greatest joy of my life. Here are the finest works of art that can be found in all the world."

But sometimes young Reynolds was very sad. He had been in Italy almost three years. He longed to see his sisters. He longed for the little home in dear old England. Every day he grew more anxious to see his old friends.

One night he went to a play. There were many English people there. The band played an English air. It was a tune that everyone in London had been singing when Reynolds went away. Even the boys on the street had whistled it.

The song that Reynolds knew so well made him think of home. His eyes filled with tears. He made up his mind to go to England at once. He would stay in Italy no longer.

REYNOLDS IN LONDON

The artist returned to London in 1752. He no longer painted in his own town. He had a studio in the great city. He chose St. Martin's Lane as the place for his home. It was in a poor part of the city, but many artists were his neighbors.

Reynolds did not forget the kind friend who had

taken him to Italy. In 1753, he painted a portrait of Admiral Keppel. All who saw it spoke of it to their friends. "Have you seen the portrait of Keppel?" This was a question often asked in London. Many people went to Reynolds's studio to see the picture. Some of them gave orders for their own portraits.

Soon the artist was very busy, but he did his work well. Every time he began a new picture, he said to himself, "This picture must be better than any other I have ever painted."

The second year that Reynolds was in London, he painted a hundred and twenty portraits. At first, he received less pay than his old master, Thomas Hudson, received. After a while, people were willing to give Reynolds even more than they had paid Hudson.

Every one who visited Reynolds's studio wished to come again. He was kind and gentle towards all. Some of the greatest men in London were his friends. The artist often gave parties for them. The greatest poets and actors of England were glad to be invited.

Reynolds had now become the best portrait painter in London. It was no longer necessary to live in a poor part of the city. He bought a beauti-

ful home. He added an art gallery to the house. Here he placed all the beautiful pictures that he owned.

Joshua Reynolds never married. His sister Fanny was his housekeeper. He was always very kind to her. He bought her a beautiful new carriage. It was gayly decorated in gilt. When Fanny went driving, every one on the street turned to look at her coach. The people would say to one another, "Look! that beautiful gilt coach belongs to Reynolds."

Early in the morning Reynolds began his painting. All day he worked until it was too dark to use his brushes. He used to say to his pupils, "Do you wish to become great artists? If you do, you must go to your work, whether willing or unwilling. You must work morning, noon, and night."

The very loveliest portraits ever painted of children were done by Reynolds. Perhaps you have seen *The Strawberry Girl*, *The Infant Samuel*, or the *Angel Heads*.

Children liked to pose for Reynolds. They liked to see him stand before his easel at his work. They liked to watch the long brushes moving back and forth over the canvas. They liked to watch him mix the bright colors on his square palette. Reynolds kept a large box of toys for the children who came

to his studio. They all loved him and thought of him as a good friend.

Reynolds had a friend who was a doctor. This doctor lived many miles from London. He sent his son to London to attend school. It was the first

THE INFANT SAMUEL *Reynolds*

time the boy had ever been away from home. He was often lonely in the great city. One morning he awoke early. The sun shone brightly into his room. The birds were singing cheerily. The boy did not see the sunbeams, for his eyes were filled with tears.

He did not hear the birds, for he seemed to hear his father's voice, saying, "A happy birthday to you, my son."

Reynolds met the homesick child. The boy told the artist that he wanted to go home. Reynolds knew the lad could not leave his school. He felt sorry for him, so he said, "Never mind, I will send you to your father."

The kind hearted artist put aside the work that he was doing. He painted a portrait of his young friend. For several days Reynolds worked at the painting. At last it was finished.

Then the two friends packed the picture in a large box. They sent it to the doctor in the distant city. The father was very much pleased with the portrait. He wrote to his son, "When I first saw your picture, I almost believed it was you standing before me." The boy often laughed about the way that Reynolds had sent him to his father.

Reynolds liked to paint little beggar children. He often coaxed them to come to his studio to pose for him. Have you ever seen his beautiful picture, called *The Babes in the Woods?* Shall I tell you how he happened to paint it?

A little child who posed for him became tired and fell asleep. Reynolds was pleased with the little

sleeper's beauty. He took a fresh canvas and made a sketch of the child as he lay asleep. Soon the child moved. Reynolds sketched him again on the canvas that he had used for the first position. When the sketch had been filled in with color, he called it *The Babes in the Woods*. Many people think that this is one of the most beautiful pictures of children that Reynolds ever painted.

Reynolds was often called the prince of portrait painters. He did his work so well that even the King and the Queen came to sit for their portraits. Many others came too. Sometimes he painted as many as a hundred and fifty pictures in a single year.

One of Reynolds's pictures is called *Pickaback*. It represents a little girl riding to market on her mother's shoulders. What a nice time she is having! Little Charlotte is not afraid of falling, for her mother holds her hand. We fancy they will soon reach the market, for we can almost see them move across the canvas.

Long ago, if a man performed an heroic deed, he was made a knight. That was considered a great honor. If a soldier was very brave in battle, the King would send for him to come to the palace. He would be led to the throne room. Here the King was seated on his throne of gold under a crimson

Reynolds

ANGEL HEADS

velvet canopy. The hero advanced and knelt before the King. Now came the proudest and happiest moment of his life. The King touched him lightly on the shoulder, saying, "Rise, Sir Knight."

Now, if a man paints a wonderful picture, or writes a beautiful poem, or does a noble deed, he may be knighted. In 1768, the King so honored Reynolds and he became *Sir* Joshua Reynolds.

The people of his boyhood home showed him great honor, also. They elected him mayor of their town. This greatly pleased the artist. He said to the King, "This gives me more pleasure than any other honor I ever received."

The Empress of Russia asked Reynolds to paint a picture for her. He did so, and sent it far over the seas to her own land. The Empress was delighted with the painting. She made Reynolds a present of a beautiful little gold box. Diamonds and other gems gleamed on the tiny lid.

The younger artists of London often came to Sir Joshua for advice. He was always ready to help them in any way that he could.

A poor young artist came to London. Few people in the great busy city had noticed his work. He offered a picture for sale. It was in the window for many days. Then Sir Joshua Reynolds saw it. He

looked at it long and carefully. He saw that the work was very well done. He asked the price. "Fifty guineas," was the reply. "I will give one hundred for it," said Sir Joshua. The bargain was made. Years afterwards the artist became well known. He was almost as great as Reynolds.

Reynolds thought there should be a free school where young people could be taught drawing and painting. He talked with the King about it. The King thought it was a good plan. In 1768 such a school was started. Sir Joshua was made president.

There was an art gallery in the school. Pictures were shown there every year. All of the great artists of England sent their pictures. Sometimes Sir Joshua Reynolds would send as many as twelve paintings in one year.

When Reynolds was sixty-six years old, he had trouble with his eyes. He had to give up painting. He spent much of his time in his own beautiful art gallery. With no work to do, the days seemed long to the artist.

Sir Joshua had a pet bird. He was very fond of the little creature. He liked to listen to its sweet song. The bird was so tame that it was allowed to fly all about the house. One day a window was left

open and the bird flew away. The artist searched many hours for his pet, but never found it.

When Sir Joshua Reynolds was sixty-nine years old, he died at his home in London. He left many friends. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

(1796–1875)

THE BOY COROT

"Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?"

Bryant.

There once lived a man who thought springtime the most beautiful season of the year. His name was Camille Corot. He was never so happy as when close to Mother Nature. He used to talk to the birds. They seemed to sing more sweetly when he came into the woods.

Camille Corot was born in Paris in 1796. His father was a tradesman. Everything was very cozy in the Corot home. The father did well in his trade, so he had plenty of money to make his family comfortable.

In the summer time the Corot family did not stay in Paris. They had a pretty little home in the country. Near the house was a large pond. Camille was always glad to leave the hot, dusty streets of Paris. It was so cool and shady under the trees by the pond.

Camille's full name was Jean Baptiste Camille Corot. Children in France often have as many names as that. In the seven years of his school life, our little friend was always called Camille. We, too, shall call him by that name.

When summer came each year, how glad Camille was to put away his books! It seemed good to be with his father and mother once more. Soon after the close of school, the whole family went to the country. Then, indeed, was the boy happy. He knew all the trees about the country home. They were his friends. The birds, the flowers, the pure air, and blue skies all gave him pleasure.

He spent the whole day out-of-doors. When it grew dark, he was sorry to go into the house. When all the family were asleep, he used to sit by the open window in his room. What beautiful pictures he saw in the outside world!

Camille sometimes sat for hours watching the silvery moon travel across the skies. He fancied that

SPRING

Corot

the moon was a shepherdess and that the fleecy white clouds were her sheep. Often the wind drove the clouds far apart. Then he would wonder if the shepherdess could ever get her flock together again.

All was so still at night. Nothing could be heard but the rustling of the leaves. Then the little dreamer at the window fancied that the trees were whispering secrets to one another.

As he looked out into the night, Camille thought the fairies were having a party. He thought he saw them come sailing across the pond on the floating leaves. He fancied that the fairies danced under the trees. The fireflies were their lanterns. The harebells made their music.

When Camille was seventeen, he became a clerk in a dry goods store. His father hoped that he would like the trade. He wished his son to be a rich cloth merchant some day.

Camille did not like to stay in the store all day. He was happier out-of-doors where he could hear the birds sing. On his holidays he used to take long walks. He wandered along the banks of the river and out into the fields and woods.

When he was about twenty years old, he began to draw the things he saw on his walks. Then it was that the merchant saw his counters covered with

papers. Then it was that Camille used every spare moment for drawing. He wished that he might work with a brush instead of a yardstick.

He always carried a sketchbook in his pocket when he went walking. He filled the pages with drawings of trees and flowers. He made sketches of the river winding through the meadows and of the soft fleecy clouds. He set up an easel in a corner of his bedroom. He spent many pleasant hours there. He filled in his sketches with color.

Young Corot made friends with an artist. This friend helped Corot with his drawing. The artist taught Corot how to mix the colors. He showed him how to lay on the paint.

Now Corot wished to leave the cloth merchant's shop. His father at first was unwilling. At last he gave his consent. How happy Corot was that he no longer had to measure cloth and tie up bundles!

The first day he was free, Corot took his easel and brushes and started off to paint. He was crossing a bridge. He saw the city in the distance. He thought, "How beautiful that looks! I'll make a picture of it."

Corot was well liked in his father's shop. The girls who worked there ran down to the bridge to watch him paint. "Look, Rosa," said one, "see the

shadows in the water. Is not Camille a wonderful artist?"

Corot's artist friend died. After his death Corot went to another teacher. This man was a landscape painter. Landscapes were just what Corot enjoyed painting more than anything else. He was happy in his work with this teacher.

MANHOOD OF COROT

In 1825 Corot went to Italy to study. The artists there liked him. He had a good voice for a song. He could tell a story well. He was always ready for a good time. Though they liked Corot, they laughed at his pictures.

One day Corot was painting a picture of a fine old building in Rome. One of the artists told him that the work was well done. This was the first praise that Corot had received in Italy.

Soon after this all the artists were at dinner together. The one who had praised Corot's work arose. He said, "We have all been laughing at Corot's paintings. But I tell you that he may some day be the master of us all."

When he returned to France, Corot worked very hard. A great many years passed before he sold a single picture. His paintings were different from

those of other French artists. People did not care to buy them. It did not make Corot unhappy because his pictures were not sold.

He was always laughing or singing. He was up with the birds every morning. Early in the day he started out to the woods. On these trips he wore a great straw hat, and carried an umbrella under his arm.

He would talk to the birds and trees and butterflies as he went along. "Is it for me you are singing, little bird?" he would say. "Well, this is fine."

In his studio Corot wore a loose blue blouse. A gay red and white striped cap was on his head. Here he sang all day at his work. When night came he would say, "Well, I must stop. My Heavenly Father has put out my lamp."

Often Corot went into the country to sketch. Sometimes he stayed all day. If he did well at his work, he went home pleased. He would say to his mother, "A little fairy came to me to-day. She touched me with her wand and gave me success." Often he was sad when he returned at night. Then his mother would ask with kindness, "Has not the little fairy been to see you to-day?"

On Sunday mornings Corot always went with his mother to church. He said he was proud to walk

Corot

DANCE OF THE NYMPHS

down the street with her. He always spoke of her as "the beautiful woman."

Paris was the home of the artist in the winter months. In the springtime he went to his father's country home. The moonlight glimmering on the pond, the great trees, and the soft clouds were just as beautiful to him now as when he was a boy.

When April came, Corot was never in Paris. His friends knew that he had gone to the country to watch the birds. These little creatures were not afraid of this gentle man. They seemed to know that he was their friend. Corot used to say, "The birds perch on the branches above me to watch my work."

In 1827 one of Corot's pictures was hung in a large art gallery of Paris. From that time until his death his pictures were shown there every year. Yet no one cared to buy them.

About this time there was a war in France. Corot hated war. When the siege of Paris began, he left the city. During the siege many of the soldiers were wounded. Many nurses were needed to care for the sick and dying. Then Corot returned to Paris. During the whole siege he helped to care for the soldiers. Some of his loveliest pictures were painted during these dreary weeks.

For forty years Corot had been painting. At the end of that time his pictures were greatly admired. In 1867 he received a great honor. He was given the cross of the Legion of Honor.

When Corot's pictures were first hung in the art galleries, people hardly noticed them. Later, some of the artists not only praised but bought his paintings. Soon other people became interested in them. By and by they began to buy Corot's beautiful landscapes.

Crowds of people visited his studio. Corot found that he could not get his work done on account of his many visitors. He decided to have one day each week in which to welcome his friends. After this, company came only upon the appointed day.

In his old age many people in Paris called him Father Corot. No one was more beloved than he. No wonder, for no man was more kind and gentle. No man was more ready to help those in trouble. Sometimes he gave money. Sometimes he gave words of cheer and wise advice.

Corot gave to all the beggars who came to him. He never turned one away empty-handed. Sometimes as many as twenty-five beggars came to his door in one day.

One New Year's day Corot was walking down the

street. He met an old man begging. Corot gave him a piece of silver and went on. When he had gone a few steps he turned back. He hurried after the old man. Corot put ten pieces of silver into the beggar's hand. "To-day all the world receives presents, so you must have yours, too," said the artist.

All the children loved Father Corot. He was their good friend. He liked to plan surprises for them. At Christmas time he prepared baskets for the children who lived in his neighborhood. The artist filled the baskets with nuts and fruit, with candy and toys. Would you not like to have lived near Father Corot?

Many pupils came to Corot to study. He was glad to teach them what he knew about painting. He would take no pay for the lessons he gave.

We have told you nothing about the kind of pictures that this gentle artist made. He did not care to paint animals as Rosa Bonheur did. He did not often paint people as Millet was so fond of doing. He loved nature — the trees and the skies, the dewy meadows and clear lakes. He liked to represent springtime, when all the world is freshly dressed in green.

In his pictures Corot liked especially to show trees. He was very fond of trees with delicate branches and

Corot

THE BIRCH GROVE

leaves that tremble in the breeze. Such trees we often see in his paintings. Such trees we see in his picture called *The Willows.*

Many times Corot thought of the poor men in the prisons. He wished that they might see the country. He thought that they would become good men if they could see nature as he saw it. Every flower, every blade of grass, and every singing bird spoke to him of God.

"I wish that I might paint the walls of a prison," said Corot. "I would have the blue sky and the clouds. I would have the trees lifting their branches toward Heaven. I am sure that the prisoners would then think of the loving kindness of God and obey his laws."

When Corot was an old man, his friends gave a banquet in his honor. They presented him with a gold medal. They said many kind things when they gave it to him. Corot was not expecting this. His heart was so full of happiness that tears came to his eyes. He could only whisper, "It makes me very happy to be loved so much." This was the last time that the artist was away from home.

When Corot died all France mourned for him. The people felt that they had lost a gentle, loving friend.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

(1802–1873)

THE BOY LANDSEER

HAVE you ever tried to draw a picture with both hands at the same time? Do you think it can be done? This same question was once discussed by a company of artists in London. One man declared it could not be done. Another said it could, and, taking a pencil in each hand, he began to draw. The artists gathered around him, and eagerly watched him as he sketched. In a very few moments the head of a horse was seen on one paper, while a stag's head appeared upon the other. Would you like to know who the artist was? It was Edwin Landseer.

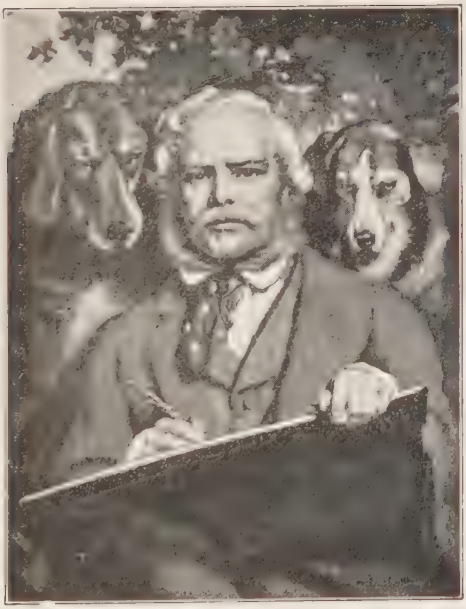
There were several boys in the Landseer family, and Edwin was the youngest. Many were the frolics they enjoyed together upon Hampstead Heath. They raced and romped with dogs and puppies. They pulled grass for the faithful old horses. They even rode upon the backs of the shaggy donkeys. No wonder they looked forward with pleasure to their visits to this playground.

Almost from babyhood the Landseer children had been fond of drawing. At the breakfast table the father would ask, "What shall we draw to-day, boys?" When it came Edwin's turn to make a choice, he would say, "May we go to Hampstead Heath and draw the dogs?"

Let us take a peep at the brothers as they sit sketching, with their father near by. It is easy to see that Charles and Thomas are drawing some kind of a dog, but when you look over Edwin's shoulder you exclaim, "That is surely a spaniel."

The time spent on Hampstead Heath was not all play. Edwin never forgot the lessons he learned there. When a very small boy, he had begged his mother to draw pictures which he copied. Now he loved to draw the birds and dogs and horses just as he saw them. His father would often say, "Study things as God has made them, my boy," or "Your own eyes are your best teacher." Hard indeed must those eyes have worked for him.

As he trudged back to his home in Queen Anne Street with his sketchbook under his arm, he thought, "Will mamma know this is Dr. Dobbs' old gray horse?" How proud and happy he was when she laid her hand on his curly head and cried, "Bless the child! He has drawn the doctor's gray mare!"



Landseer

LANDSEER AND HIS DOGS

If you had been in Queen Anne Street one bright September morning long ago, you might have seen Edwin Landseer starting off for his first day at school with his sister. Very proud she was of her little artist brother!

He soon learned to read; but when he should have been writing, he covered his papers with drawings. Many were the times he ran away from school. Can you not guess what he was doing when his teacher found him? Drawing a dog, to be sure.

Edwin's father was an engraver. An engraver's work is to cut a picture upon a block of wood or a plate of steel or copper. From this block or plate many copies of the picture can be made. These copies are called etchings. Would not an engraver's work be interesting?

Little Edwin thought so, and spent many hours watching his father. As he stood by his side, the large eyes grew bright, and the cheeks rosy, while in his heart a question came, "Could I do that? Could I, too, make a picture?" When he was eight years old, he made the attempt. What a remarkable plate it was for such a little fellow! He tried again and again. At first he etched only one object on a plate, but soon he was able to engrave a group of animals.

In one corner of the Landseers' back yard was a

Landseer

A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY

pen of pet rabbits. There were pigeons in the attic of the house, and dogs of all sorts and sizes sported on the steps or dozed in the bright sunshine. But the children were not satisfied with these, and often borrowed a noble mastiff or a curly little poodle to sketch. A man once refused to rent a house to Mr. Landseer because his children had so many pet animals.

Wherever animals were to be seen in London, there, too, the Landseer children were to be found with their pencils. In a shop window in Fleet Street there was a fine Newfoundland dog caring for a lion. The lion, when a baby, had been given to the dog to bring up. The lion grew much larger than his foster mother, but never ceased to love her.

It amused Edwin to see the dog give the strong young lion a cuff on the head when he did not behave well. How often in the crowd that was constantly before the window were young Landseer and his brothers to be seen! What drawings they made of the strange family! They pictured the two animals eating, walking about, asleep, and at play.

THE HOME IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD

Happy with his drawing, delighting in his pets, striving to improve himself, the boy, Edwin Landseer, grew to manhood. He was kind. Could he be cruel when he loved animals so well? He was good and true. He was pleasant and jolly. Every one liked him for that. He loved flowers and children and all the beauties God has given us to enjoy.

Edwin Landseer now owned many animals, and had a large number of pictures that he had painted. People told him that he ought to have a house of his own to put them in.

He looked all about London for a suitable place. He found a cottage that he liked in St. John's Wood near the great city. The cottage, covered with vines, made a cozy little home. The barn was arranged as a studio. What a pretty place the garden was! In the spring the apple trees looked like great bouquets of pink and white blossoms. Old-fashioned flowers grew in the garden, and the lawn was wide and green. Was not that a good place for pets?

Pictures of monkeys, pictures of cats, pictures of horses, dogs, and deer, — all these were crowded

together in Landseer's studio. The artist was at work one morning when he heard a knock at the door. Laying down his brush, he went to admit his visitor.

Before Landseer reached the door, it was opened and a friend put in his head and looked all about at the pictures. He went quickly out again, almost closed the door and said through the crack, "I'm afraid to come in. Won't your dogs bite me?"

Friends were always welcome at Landseer's house. They loved to visit him. Once some guests came when he was not there. His sister entertained them. Very soon Landseer returned. "You look tired; what have you been doing?" said one of the ladies. "I have been training some horses in the field," replied Landseer. "But you have no whip." "This is the whip I use," said Landseer, holding up a lump of sugar. He believed that horses did not learn more quickly by cruel treatment.

Dogs are very intelligent. They know a friend immediately. Strange dogs often came up to Landseer on the street and rubbed lovingly against him. He was in a large company one time. Some great dogs came bounding into the room. Such a noise as their barking made!

The ladies were afraid, and one timid little girl

SAVED

Landseer

began to cry. The dogs went up to Landseer, and soon became quiet when he spoke to them in a low, soft tone. "Oh, I did not know those were your dogs, Mr. Landseer!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "I never saw them before," answered the artist.

About this time Edwin Landseer painted a picture in which all people, who loved animals, were greatly interested. It was called *The Cat's Paw*. A sly old monkey wanted some chestnuts that were roasting on top of the stove. He knew the stove was hot, and did not care to burn his own paws. He was fond of chestnuts though. He thought of a scheme.

Quickly he ran to the spot where puss lay napping in the sunshine. He took her in his arms and returned to the stove. In the picture, we see that the cruel monkey has grasped kitty's paw in his own. Poor puss! How she cried and struggled to get away! It was of no use, for the monkey was stronger than she. With her little paw the monkey swept the chestnuts to the floor. Let us hope the kitten was not badly burned.

LANDSEER IN SCOTLAND

Sir Walter Scott, the famous author, visited London. He saw the picture. "I want to become acquainted with the man who could paint such a picture," he said. He and Landseer became great friends. Why not? Sir Walter Scott admired Landseer's pictures, and Landseer was so fond of the books written by Scott that he often had one under his pillow. Both loved animals.

Sir Walter's home in Scotland was called Abbotsford. When he was ready to return, he invited Edwin Landseer to go with him. How Landseer enjoyed the scenes in Scotland! There were high, rough mountains and beautiful, clear lakes. The people who lived there were a valiant race. With all their strength and bravery, they were kind and true. All these things afforded Landseer great pleasure.

"But," you ask, "were there no animals? I should think he would need animals to make him quite content." Oh yes, indeed! There were gentle deer roaming the mountains. In Sir Walter Scott's home there were hunting horses and many dogs. The favorite dog was a noble creature called *Maida.*

Landseer painted its picture. Six weeks later the dog died. Sir Walter Scott was glad then that he had such a fine picture of his dead favorite.

Landseer and Sir Walter Scott tramped many miles together over heath and stone and up into the rugged foothills. The mountain streams went roaring down the steep slopes. Sometimes a high ledge made a waterfall. Where the sunlight fell on the dancing waters, a rainbow was formed. The tops of the hills were often invisible. So thick were the clouds of mist that hung about them, that Mother Nature seemed to have put hoods upon them all.

Here in the summer time the deer gathered, for the mist kept off the hot sunshine. The two friends climbed up and up till they found the deer in their cool retreat. They watched the mild creatures as they sported nimbly on the rocks. What great soft eyes they had!

Once in a while these little journeys were hunting trips. Landseer had not shot one deer. One day, as he was hunting, a noble buck bounded across his path. He raised his gun and was about to fire. Instead, he tossed the gun to his servant saying, "Quick, take this," and snatching a pencil, made a hasty sketch of the fine animal. The fleet-footed deer was gone in an instant. Landseer was happier

Landseer

THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN

with his picture than he would have been with the dead buck.

Many of the Scottish people, who were so brave and kind, were shepherds. They tended their flocks on the green hillsides. As the sheep nibbled the tender grass, the faithful shepherd dog dozed lazily in the shade near his master. When it was time to go home, the dog helped his master drive all the sheep to the fold. Landseer loved these people, and often visited them in their lonely mountain homes.

He painted a picture called *The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner.* It represents a dog sitting by the coffin of his master. The room is quiet and gloomy. The shepherd's spectacles lie on his well-worn Bible, just as he had left them. The dog's breast is pressed close against the coffin. The clinging paws have dragged aside the blanket. His eyes are sad and motionless. The dog had known no love but his master's. Now the shepherd's only mourner is this trusty old friend.

LANDSEER THE ARTIST

So well did Landseer paint dogs that everyone who had a pet wanted him to paint a picture of it. Many a little dog had to wait weeks, yes, even

Landseer

THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER

months, before his turn came to pose for the great artist. When people saw these pictures they often exclaimed, "How much that looks like our old Nero!" Some people could not afford to have a picture of their dog made, but they could afford to pay a shilling for a copy of some other dog.

Edwin Landseer's father and brother spent all their time, now, engraving copies of his work. They made hundreds of etchings of *Shoeing the Horse, King of the Forest, King Charles' Spaniels* and other favorite pictures. Because of this, copies of his pictures soon found their way into even the humblest homes of England.

Surprised, indeed, were Landseer's neighbors to see Queen Victoria cantering up the road toward his studio one bright day. "The Queen is coming this way! Long live our good Queen!" Sure enough, it was Victoria herself! When Landseer heard the shouts, he ran to change his coat. Of course he wished to look his best before his royal visitor. The Queen had ridden to St. John's Wood that Landseer might see her on horseback. She wanted to have her portrait painted.

Many a fine gallop they had together through the parks after this. Landseer was often entertained at Windsor Castle. He became a great favorite in the

royal family. They made him numerous presents. He painted many pictures of the Queen, of her husband, Prince Albert, and of their children with their pets.

One time Edwin Landseer went to the palace to see the Queen. He had to wait a long, long time. After awhile he grew tired. He quickly sketched two dogs. One had his ears pricked up as if listening for a footstep. The other held in his mouth a card, on which was written, *E. Landseer*. He sent both drawings to the Queen. Do you think she would keep him waiting again?

One day a new hippopotamus was brought to the Zoölogical Gardens in London. The Queen had not seen it. She asked Landseer to draw it for her. In fifteen minutes he had made four sketches of the great awkward beast in different positions.

Landseer was the first English artist who could claim Queen Victoria for his friend. He had gained her friendship by his cheerful manners and manly ways. In 1850 Landseer's pictures were known and loved throughout England. The Queen, too, loved his pictures, and decided to make him a knight just as George III. had honored Reynolds. He was then no longer plain *Mr.* Landseer, but was everywhere known as *Sir* Edwin Landseer.

In the pretty little home in St. John's Wood, Landseer spent his last years. Even then he was busy with his painting. From the time he was sixty-five until his death he painted fewer pictures each year. His life, once so bright and happy, now became sad. Landseer was sorry to give up his pencil and brush. Many homes have been brightened by copies of his beautiful pictures.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

(1814–1875)

BOYHOOD OF MILLET

The long, dark night has passed away. The purple clouds have faded to a faint rose color. The sun king has begun his journey across the sky The flowers lift their dewy faces to be kissed by his warm rays. The bright sunbeams waken the birds. They chirp and sing among the branches of the trees. In an orchard in France many birds are warbling, as if to waken the people in a little cottage near by.

The older members of the family have been up since daybreak. The children are still sleeping.

The father and mother are at work in the fields. The grandmother is preparing a simple breakfast. When it is almost ready, she goes to call the children. Going to the bed of the eldest grandson, she shakes him gently. The boy half opens his sleepy eyes. He sees his grandmother in her linen cap and white apron bending over him. He hears her say, "Wake up, my little François. The birds have long been singing the glory of our good God."

Jean François Millet had always lived in this low cottage. All of the houses in the village were like it. It is still standing.

The village was built on the cliffs near the sea. Looking outward, only rough waves dashing against the rocky coast could be seen. Looking inland, the country was pleasant and fruitful. Low houses clustered among woods and apple orchards. Quaint old churches stood on hilltops. The grass was fresh and green in the sheltered valleys.

The father of little François was a hard-working peasant. His mother was a noble, loving woman. She, too, often worked in the fields. Many poor women in France did this. The farm was small and the fields were stony. The father and mother found it hard to raise enough for their large family of children.

While they worked in the fields the good grandmother kept the house and cared for the children. She told them many stories from the Bible. She told them of the life of St. Francis, too. Little François had been named for this good man.

All the needy ones of the neighborhood came to the home of the Millets for help. They were never refused. Beggars often came to the door. The grandmother sent François with baskets of food for them. Sometimes poor people came to stay all night. Often it had been raining and their clothes were wet. They were given the best place by the fire.

When supper was ready, the guests were served first. The children grumbled at this. "Have patience," said the grandmother. "These people are cold and wet. Let them dry themselves and have their supper. You have nothing to complain of."

François went to school with his brothers and sisters. He spent much of his time drawing. He made capital letters and pictures in his copy book. He even drew pictures on his little wooden shoes. At home he covered the wall and floor with sketches. The neighbors often came in to see his work.

Once the father asked the children what they

would like to do when they grew up. "I mean to make pictures of men," answered François.

Jean François was the eldest boy in the family. He could not go to school all the time. He had to help his father. How tired he became as he raked the hay in the hot sun! It seemed that the long day would never come to a close.

Sometimes François and his father ate their lunch in the shade of a big tree. They talked together of the beauties around them. Taking a blade or two of grass in his hand, the father would say, "See how fine these are!" Pointing to a tree he would say, "How strong and beautiful that is!"

One day little François stood at his father's side. They were watching the setting sun sink into the waves. The western sky was all aglow with purple and deep crimson. Great bars of golden light were stretched across the horizon. The boy felt the glory of the scene. The father lifted his hat and bowed his head, saying gravely, "My son, it is God." The boy never forgot that word.

François' father used to lead the choir in the little village church. He had a good voice. He taught the choir very well. People from the country all around came to hear them sing. François' writing was large and clear. It made him proud to be

allowed to make copies of the music for his father.

François spent much of his time with his Uncle Charles, a priest. This good man lived with the Millets, and often helped with the work. He sowed and reaped, mowed grass, and made hay. When there was plowing or other work to be done, he tucked his priest's gown up around his waist. He put his prayer book into his pocket. Then away he would go, singing as he worked.

The Millet children liked to be with their uncle in the fields. They trudged along after him in the broad furrows as he plowed. Sometimes they spent a whole day carrying stones. These were to build a wall around the family land. In the evening Uncle Charles taught François and his brother to read. When Jean François was seven years old the good uncle died.

The school children were taught the Bible by the village priest. Little François' answers were much more thoughtful than the answers of the others. The priest noticed this. He offered to teach him Latin. "If you know Latin, you might become a priest or a doctor," he said.

But François had to leave his books. He was the eldest boy among eight brothers and sisters. His

father needed him to help with the work. Yet he did not give up his studies. He loved to read. His Uncle Charles had owned a few books. François read these again and again.

The only time he had for study was an hour in the evening, after his day's work was done. Sometimes he read in this precious hour, but oftener he drew. Once in a while he stayed up to draw while the others slept. Then he would hide his sketches in the straw of his bed. When his mother found them she laughed at the quaint figures.

Every Saturday morning some men went past the Millet home on their way to market. They rode donkeys. The donkeys were very small. The men were so tall that their feet almost dragged on the ground. François was amused at this sight. He made a drawing of the men and donkeys one day.

The village blacksmith saw the sketch, and asked to borrow it. He nailed it up in his shop. When the men returned from market they saw it. They were amazed at the work. "You must have an artist in this town," said the men. "No artist — only little Millet," said the blacksmith. "Well, some day he will be an artist," they replied.

François' father often tried to model an animal in

clay or carve some object from wood. His little son liked to watch him.

It is noonday, and the laborers have had their dinner. Now they are resting. François' father is lying asleep on a couch. The boy himself is drawing. He is trying to make a sketch of the men cutting the hay. He tries again and again.

Now he begins a new picture. He is so much interested that he does not see that his father has wakened. The father steals across the room. He looks over his son's shoulder. What is this he sees? A girl at her spinning wheel. Why, it is François' sister! The father goes softly back to his place. He is well pleased with the boy's drawing. François draws on. He does not know that any one has seen his work.

On rainy days no work could be done in the fields. François was glad of this, for a rainy day was as good as a holiday. He could use his time as he pleased. The Millets had an old family Bible with prints of the saints and apostles in it.

When the storm had driven him indoors, François would take the Bible to his own room. No one disturbed him there. He spent many happy hours copying the prints, while the rain pattered on the roof.

One Sunday, when he was about eighteen years old, he was coming home from church. An old man walked slowly in front of him. His figure was bent, and he leaned upon a stick. His shoulders were stooped by years of hard labor in the fields. Jean François took a piece of charcoal from his pocket. He made an exact likeness of the old man on a stone wall near by. A neighbor came past as he finished the sketch.

The man recognized it at once. He called to those who were behind him. "See what Jean François has done!" After looking at the picture, they gathered around the boy. All had words of praise for him. The father alone was silent. He thought of the picture many times. He could think of nothing else for several days. He wished that François might have an easier life than his own had been. He wondered if his son could learn to make pictures. At last he made up his mind.

A few days later he called François to him. "My son," he said, "I see that thou wouldst like to be a painter. Well I know that it is a fine trade. I would gladly have sent thee long ago to study painting, but I could not. Thou art the eldest of my boys, and I had so much need of thee. Now the others are growing up. I will no longer keep

thee at home. We will go to Cherbourg soon. We will visit a teacher there. He can tell us if thou hast talent enough to be an artist."

MILLET'S STUDIES

François finished two drawings that he had begun. He wished to take them to Cherbourg. The first drawing showed two shepherds. One of them was playing a flute. The other was listening as he watched the sheep on the hill near by. The second drawing represented a starry night. A man was coming out of a house. He carried loaves of bread which he gave to a beggar who was waiting at the door.

How happy François was as he set off for Cherbourg with his father! The sunlight had never seemed so bright. The birds had never sung so sweetly before. Jean François turned again and again to wave his hand to his mother. He did not see the tears in her eyes. She watched the father and son until they were hidden by a bend in the road.

When they reached Cherbourg they went to the home of an artist. François showed him his drawings. "You are laughing at me," the artist said

roughly. He turned to the father. "You don't mean to tell me that this young man made these drawings by himself?" "Yes, certainly," answered the father, gravely. "I saw him make them, myself." The artist was amazed at the excellence of the drawings.

François was left in Cherbourg to study with this teacher. For two months he worked hard. At the end of that time, he received a letter saying that his father was very ill. He hurried home. In a few days the father died.

Jean François felt that he must give up his lessons. Some one must manage the farm, now that there was no father. He decided to remain at home because he was the eldest boy. The dear grandmother would not allow this. "My François," she said, "your father said that you must be a painter. Obey him and go back to Cherbourg. God has made you a painter. His will be done."

Once more he bade his mother and grandmother good-by. He set off for Cherbourg. This time he had a different teacher. During the day he sketched and painted. In the evening he spent much time in the library. We are told that he read every book in the city library.

The young artist studied with his second teacher two years. The people in the town noticed his work.

They thought that he had great talent. "He should go to Paris to study," they said to one another. They knew Millet had no money to go there. They decided to help him. They gave him some money and promised to send more.

His mother and grandmother helped him too. They sent him all their savings. They were anxious that he should go to Paris. They dreamed that their boy might become a great artist.

Jean François could not think of going to Paris without seeing his home once more. He was sorry to leave his brothers and sisters. Yet he was eager to begin his work.

MILLET IN PARIS

In December, 1836, Millet went to Paris. He arrived there one cold Saturday night. The ground was covered with snow. The light of the street lamps was dimmed by the heavy fog. The streets were filled with horses and wagons, passing and repassing. The walks were crowded with people hurrying home from their work. The sight of all these people made François homesick. Paris seemed dismal indeed to this country boy.

The poor lad spent his first night in Paris in a

small hotel. He dreamed that he saw his home. It was evening. The candles were lighted. The family was gathered around the broad hearth. How the flames leaped up the wide chimney! He could see it all in his dream. His grandmother, mother, and sister were spinning. Tears fell on their work. They were thinking of him.

Jean François wished to continue his studies. Yet he did not go to an artist's studio. He feared that the Paris teachers would ask him questions about the great artists. He thought no one would take him as a pupil if he did not know about their lives. So he went to the libraries. He read all that he could find about Raphael and Michael Angelo and other master painters.

It took some time for this peasant boy to find his way about in Paris. He was afraid to inquire. He feared that some one would laugh at him. He wandered about until he found the places that he wished to visit. At last he found the great picture gallery of the Louvre. This was a new world to him. Day after day he went to that gallery.

He sometimes stood for hours looking at one picture. Then, passing on, he studied another. The works of Michael Angelo interested him most. He returned to his pictures again and again. Many

people saw this peasant boy gazing at the works of art. Little did they think that he was to become one of the greatest artists of France.

When young Millet had been in Paris some time, he chose a teacher. Now he painted all day in his teacher's studio. There were a great many other students, too. They teased Millet because his clothes were rough. They laughed at his long, bushy hair. They made many jokes about him and called him "the man of the woods."

He did not care. He went on diligently with his work. His paintings were not at all like those of the other students. His teacher did not like that. He did not help Millet much with his work. Millet did not remain long in this school. When he came, they had laughed at him. When he went away, both teachers and pupils admired his work.

The people of Cherbourg had promised to send Millet money every month. Sometimes it was late in coming. Often it did not come at all. At last he received no money. Now he must earn his own way. He loved to paint peasants and country scenes. People in gay Paris did not care for such work. They liked pictures of fine ladies and gallant gentlemen in beautiful clothes.

It was very hard for Millet to sell his pictures.

Millet

FEEDING HER BIRDS

No one wanted sketches of haymakers and road-menders. However, he must have money. He had no way to earn it but with his brush. So he began to paint portraits. Not many people wanted their portraits painted. When Millet did receive an order, he was paid only a dollar or two for it. Sometimes he painted signs for shopkeepers.

In this way Millet had a hard struggle to get along. Even then he did not neglect his studies. He still went to the libraries. He read all kinds of books. He spent most of his time, however, reading the lives of the artists.

In those hard days how Millet used to watch for his letters from home! News of his brothers and sisters and of the little village cheered him. The letters of his good old grandmother often brought tears to his eyes. In one letter she said, "My dear child, I had rather hear that you were dead than that you had been unfaithful to the laws of God."

Millet used to go home for a holiday once in a while. On one of these visits he was married. He and his wife went to Paris to live. They were very poor indeed. The French people were about to begin a great war. It was hard for Millet to sell his pictures before he was married. Now it was even harder. Everyone was thinking of war.

Although the war had not begun, everyone was talking of it. The newspapers printed long columns about it. The people in Paris were planning how they could protect their city. Even women and children were thinking what they could do to help. They feared the enemy would soon be upon them.

THE FIRST STEP *Millet*

Millet had always found it difficult to support himself in Paris. Now he had his wife and children to care for also. Often there was no food in the house, and it made him very sad to see his little ones hungry. He was glad to do honest work of any kind. He had very little time, however, for the work he loved.

He struggled on, trying to support his wife and family. He once gave six drawings for a pair of shoes. At another time he gave a painting for a bed. Yet he and his wife did not complain.

At last a war broke out. There were not soldiers enough to guard the city. Millet, with many others, had to shoulder a gun. After a short time, he returned to his work.

Many people in Paris were ill with a dreadful disease. A great many had died. The Millets feared that their children might be taken sick. They decided to leave the city. They thought that they would make their home at Barbizon. So they left Paris. Some friends went with them.

MILLET IN BARBIZON

Barbizon is a tiny village on the edge of one of the most beautiful forests of France. The village has but one street, pleasant and winding. On each side of the street are the low stone cottages of the peasants. The yards are filled with beds of bright flowers and grape arbors loaded with purple grapes.

Barbizon is thirty-four miles from Paris. Millet and his family rode part of this distance. They were obliged to walk the last few miles. They made a

strange procession as they entered the little village. Millet walked ahead carrying his two little girls on his shoulders. His wife followed with a little baby in her arms. Behind them trudged the servant girl. Her shoulders were bent from the weight of the great basket of food that she carried.

Millet rented a room in a peasant's cottage. The two families shared the kitchen together. The owner of the cottage fitted up the woodshed as a studio for Millet. It was a small, bare room, but there was plenty of light. The artist painted some of his best pictures in this little studio.

In after years Millet had a stone building for his studio. The ceiling was low and the floor was uncarpeted. There was little furniture in the room. There were a few wooden chairs and some wide shelves. In a large press he kept his favorite pictures. Some copies from Michael Angelo hung on the walls.

Some of Millet's pictures had been sold. He was not so poor now. The family had a house for themselves. It was a pleasant little home. A cloak of ivy almost covered the front of the cottage. A climbing rose tree seemed to be trying to enter the upper windows. The large garden was surrounded by a hedge of sweet brier. Millet was

happy in the country. He said, "A thatched cottage here is better than a palace in Paris."

At Barbizon, Millet led the life of a peasant. He raised vegetables for the family. He tended the garden with his own hands. In this way he spent his mornings. All of his time in the afternoon was given to painting.

It was no longer necessary to paint portraits. Millet now did the work he loved. The pictures painted at this time are all of simple country life. They show us a shepherdess watching her flock, a woodchopper in the forest, and a woman feeding her hens.

One of Millet's greatest pleasures in Barbizon was the forest. Hardly a day went past that he did not walk there. Sometimes friends who were artists went with him.

"I do not know anything more delightful than to lie on the heather and look up at the sky," said Millet. The stately forest trees seemed like friends. He watched the waving branches. He listened to the rustling leaves. It seemed to him they were talking. "I know not what they say among themselves," he said. "They say something which we do not understand, because we do not speak the same language." A friend who walked with him in the

forest said that Millet was a man who loved everything that the sun shone upon.

Millet was never tired of watching the peasants at work. He liked to see them binding the wheat into sheaves; loading the carts and building the huge stacks. He often saw a woman leading her cows to pasture, a shepherd and his dog guarding the sheep, or a little goose girl driving her geese to a pond.

The painter had often done this kind of work himself. When he saw all these things he thought of how he might put them into pictures.

When it was harvest time, Millet often went to the fields where the harvesters were at work. Other artists in Barbizon went with him. One day one of the harvesters said, "See those people from Paris looking at us. I should like to see them do our work. It is not so easy as to hold a pencil or a brush."

Millet said, "Your work is very hard, is it not?" "If you wish to try it, you will find out," said the peasant. "Here, take my sickle." Millet took it and began to cut the wheat. The man exclaimed, "Ah, this is not the first time you have done this work! You can do it better than we."

The Millets were very happy in their little home. After the evening meal, what pleasant times they

Millet

WOMAN CHURNING

had together! The mother sat by the blazing fire with her knitting. The younger children had their games. The eldest boy, François, played dominoes with his father.

When the day's work was done, Millet was sometimes weary. Taking his son François by the hand, he would say, "Come, let us look at the sunset. It will do us good."

Millet kept his pictures in his studio a long time. He would not sell them until they were perfect. People began to like his pictures more and more. Almost every year he sent some to Paris. One of the best pictures that he painted in Barbizon is called *The Gleaners*.

It shows a broad wheat field. There has been a plentiful harvest. In the distance can be seen the stacks of golden grain. Three women slowly cross the field. Their rough dresses and wooden shoes show how poor they are. They carefully gather all the stalks which have fallen aside from the reapers. They will not rest until the whole field is gleaned. This picture has hung for many years in the Louvre.

In 1868, the government of France paid Millet a great honor. They made him a member of the Legion of Honor and sent him the beautiful white cross.

THE GLEANERS *Millet*

The great artist often drew pictures to amuse his children. When his son François was about seven years old, he read fairy stories. Climbing up on his father's knee, he would repeat these stories. The child's tales were *Tom Thumb* and *Red Riding Hood.*

Nothing delighted the little fellow so much as to have his father tell the stories to him with a pencil. Millet drew François pulling off the ogre's boots. He made pictures of the wolf meeting little Red Riding Hood in the woods.

Later, Millet amused his grandchild, Antoine, in the same way. He began to draw for the child before Antoine could talk. The baby would find a way without words to show that he understood the pictures. Antoine often watched a goat in the yard. His grandfather drew it for him one day. The baby recognized it at once. He ran to the window and pointed to the goat.

One evening Millet said, "I shall draw something now, which I think he will not understand. But we shall see." So he drew the little Antoine. His little cheeks were puffed out. He blew a large candle, with a large flame. The baby looked closely at the picture. With a happy smile he turned to the table. He tried to blow out the candle which stood there.

Perhaps the best loved of Millet's pictures is *The*

THE ANGELUS *Millet*

Angelus. In France, the church bell rings at the close of day. Then the peasants drop their work and bow their heads in prayer. This bell is called the Angelus.

In the picture we see a man and a woman in the field. They have been filling sacks with potatoes. In the distance we see the spire of the little village church. The Angelus has just chimed out the hour of evening prayer. The peasants stop work to thank God for His goodness. Millet has painted the woman with bowed head and clasped hands, as he had often seen his own dear mother. The man stands near with uncovered head.

Millet received one hundred dollars for this great picture. After his death it was sold for one hundred thousand dollars. The Angelus was sent from city to city. Great crowds of people went to see it. The sight of the poor peasant people at prayer brought tears to the eyes of many. We wish that Millet might have lived to hear the words of praise that it received.

Millet lived for twenty-six years in the village of Barbizon. After his death, his friends had his portrait modeled in brass. It was placed high on a rock in the forest near his old home. No one can visit the place without seeing it. All who visit Barbizon

think how the great and good Millet loved the forest. He painted it with the same truth to nature that he showed in all his work.

ROSA BONHEUR

(1822-1899)

ROSA BONHEUR'S CHILDHOOD

High up in the window of an apartment house in Paris sits a little girl. She is ten years old. Her eyes are deep and blue. Her hair is dark and curly. The room in which she sits is plainly furnished. In a cage at her side is a parrot. These two friends are playing school. The parrot is the teacher. "A," says the parrot. The child does not hear. The parrot calls "A" again, louder than before. "A," says the little girl, gayly. "B," Polly says. "B," repeats the child. So it goes through the whole alphabet.

This little girl has never tried to learn her letters before. Now, she thinks it great fun to be taught by an old gray parrot.

The wise parrot must have been a good teacher, for by and by the child could say her letters from A

to Z. This little girl was Rosa Bonheur, who afterwards became a great artist.

When Rosa Bonheur was a tiny girl, she had lived in Bordeaux. What romps she and her two brothers had! They played all day long in the fields and woods. How happy they were! How dearly they loved all the little wood creatures! The bushy-tailed squirrels and the swift-footed rabbits were their friends. Many happy hours they spent filling their chubby little hands with buttercups and daisies.

When the long shadows fell through the woods, Rosa would say, "Come, boys. It is late. The lamb will be crying for its supper." So away all three would scamper.

The children would reach the house all out of breath from their long run. Then off they would go to the pen with a saucer of milk for the lamb. How quickly the little white creature comes as the children call it by name! Very gently Rosa strokes its soft wool as it drinks the milk.

Their own supper was a very simple one. Raymond Bonheur, the children's father, was an artist. He found it hard to sell his pictures in Bordeaux. There was little money, but there was much love in the Bonheur family. They were very happy together.

Paris is a much larger city than Bordeaux. Raymond Bonheur thought that he could sell more pictures there. So Rosa and her brothers went with their father and mother to the great, noisy city to live. Very different was the new home from the old! Here they had a few rooms over a bath house. No yard and garden now to play in! No fields and woods near by to visit!

The pet lamb was left in Bordeaux. Rosa missed it greatly. She longed to see the shy wood creatures. No wonder she liked to play school with the parrot. It was the only pet she had left.

Times were not much better now than they had been in Bordeaux. The Bonheurs had come to Paris in war time. People do not care to buy pictures when a war is going on. The family was larger now. There was a little sister named Juliette.

Rosa's mother helped support the family by giving music lessons. She often walked a long distance going from one pupil to another. The four children were lonely while their mother was away. In the evening, though, they had happy times together.

Soon after their arrival in Paris, the dear mother died. Then, indeed, was Rosa sad and lonely. The family moved to a smaller home. They had to climb six flights of stairs to reach their rooms.

As she sat in the plainly furnished rooms, how Rosa longed for her mother, and the woods and animals of Bordeaux! There was a butcher's shop across the street. A gayly painted wooden pig stood in front of the door as a sign. Sometimes Rosa would steal away from home. Running across the street, she would throw her arms about the neck of this gaudy pig, and lovingly pat its fat sides. Even a wooden animal was better than none, she thought.

Would you think of keeping a pet sheep if your home was in the sixth story of a house? The Bonheurs did that very thing. Every afternoon, when Rosa's brother came home from school, he would pick the sheep up in his strong arms. He would carry it down the six long flights of stairs. When it had nibbled some sweet, fresh grass, back it would go to its little mistress.

Their sheep afforded the Bonheur children much pleasure. This pet reminded them of the old home in Bordeaux. So did the roof garden. Rosa had planted flowering vines in some window boxes. This was all the garden she had, but every flower was precious to her. How pretty they looked among all the roofs and chimneys!

How I wish we could see the scrapbooks that Rosa Bonheur made! With her box of colors, she painted

pictures for them herself. Sometimes she painted the pet sheep with its long, silky wool. Sometimes she painted the hares and squirrels that she had seen in Bordeaux.

Again she would cut out of paper, flowers or animals to paste in her scrapbook. Her father often watched his little daughter at her work. He shook his head over her pictures and said, "I am afraid my little girl will never be an artist."

These cuttings and paintings were not as dear to Rosa as the real animals. She used to say, "When I am big, I shall have a farm. I shall have two of every kind of animal that went into the ark."

In Paris, boys and girls attend separate schools. Rosa Bonheur's brothers went to a boys' school very near home. Rosa was restless and lonely while they were away. The master of the boys' school noticed this. He felt sorry for the little girl. He asked her father to allow her to come to school with her brothers. Her father consented. Rosa was glad to start off with her brothers every morning. She joined in their games as well as in their studies. It made her very proud to have them say, "Rosa is as good a playfellow as any of the boys."

These happy times did not last. The father could not give the children the care that they needed, so

Juliette was sent to her mother's friends in Bordeaux. The boys went to a boarding school. Rosa was placed with some nuns, who had a school in Paris.

Sturdy little Rosa liked sunshine and rambles better than school. She played truant on pleasant days. She had found something better in Paris than streets and shops and tall houses. She had discovered a rough young forest called the Bois de Boulogne. Then it was wild and uncared for. Now it is one of the most beautiful parks of Paris.

Here were pools of water, and birds and wild flowers. A shy little rabbit sometimes ran across her path. The wood was not on the road to the nuns' school. Yet it was not so far that Rosa feared losing her way. To her, there was nothing in the world so fine as this forest.

The bell has rung at the nuns' school. The little girls are all in their seats. One place only is vacant. That is Rosa Bonheur's. The teacher anxiously inquires, "Where is Rosa? Has any one seen her this morning?" There is no answer. Where do you suppose she is? Down on her knees in the Bois de Boulogne drawing with a stick in the dusty road.

A number of people have gathered about the little artist, but she does not see them. She is too much

interested in her pictures. What is she drawing? A horse at full gallop! See how his mane and tail are blown by the wind! Look! Now she has put a rider on his back! He leans forward and urges his horse to the utmost speed.

She draws a long procession of animals. There are prancing horses and ponies. There are hounds close upon a frightened deer. "You draw well, my little girl," says an old gentleman who is standing near. "Yes," answers Rosa, "and my papa draws well, too. He taught me."

At last the nuns lost patience with the truant child. They sent for her father. They told him that Rosa did nothing but draw all the day long. "She is wasting her time with us," said the nuns. "She ought to learn a trade." They thought that she might be taught to sew.

Rosa was placed with a seamstress in order that she might be able to make her living with her needle. She was very unhappy here. Tears fell upon her work as she sat sewing. She ran the needle into her fingers at every stitch.

Sometimes her father came to see her with his pocket full of candies. He wished to learn how she was getting on. Rosa would throw herself into his arms and beg to be taken home. The poor

child grew pale and thin. At last her father did take her home. He had married again, and the Bonheur children had a new mother. Little Juliette had been brought back from Bordeaux. The boys came home from boarding school. How happy they were to be together once more!

Rosa was now sent to a boarding school for girls. Her father paid her tuition by teaching drawing in the school. Active little Rosa did not like to study here any better than at the nuns' school. She filled all the blank pages and the margins of her books with sketches. Although she failed in her other studies, she always carried off the prize in drawing.

Rosa was a favorite among the pupils. She was the leader in all of their games. She liked best of all to play soldier. They were playing in the garden one day. The little general thought of a fine plan.

"Let us have a battle," she said. The other little girls were too timid to join in such a game. So soldier Rosa marched forth to battle all alone. With her wooden sword in hand, she charged upon a rosebush. Right and left she struck with her sword. When the sham battle was over, Rosa had won the victory. Her enemies, the lovely red roses, lay scattered upon the ground. After this prank, Rosa was in disgrace and was sent home.

ROSA BONHEUR BECOMES AN ARTIST

Rosa Bonheur's parents did not try to find another school for her. She was allowed to work in her father's studio. As long as she had in her hands a pencil, a piece of charcoal, or a lump of modeling clay, she was happy. All day long she never left her father's studio. When it grew too dark to draw, she modeled in wax or clay.

Not long after leaving school Rosa began to copy pictures in the Louvre. The Louvre is the most famous art gallery in Paris. Paintings of such great artists as Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Rembrandt hang there. Many students who hope to become artists, copy these pictures.

Rosa Bonheur worked here early and late. She had just put the finishing touch to a copy one day. A gentleman stopped beside her easel. He examined her work carefully. "Your copy, my child, is faultless. Go on as you have begun and you will become a great artist." These words of praise gave Rosa much pleasure.

The young artist worked in the Louvre about a year. She made up her mind that copying would never make her a great artist. She returned to her

work in her father's studio. She tried many different subjects. One day she painted a landscape. Another time she tried a figure. She was not pleased with these paintings. She did not know what to try next.

One morning she sat resting her head on her hand. She was wondering what she should paint that day. Glancing up, she saw their pet goat, and said to herself, "Why not sketch the goat?"

She worked faithfully at her picture until she could see no longer. When her father came home at night, she ran to him with her sketch. He studied it a long, long time. Rose watched her father anxiously. She wondered what he was thinking. At last he turned towards her and said, "My daughter, this is by far the best picture that you have ever drawn."

From this time on, Rosa Bonheur painted nothing but animals. She was too poor to procure models. She went to the country every day in search of animals to sketch. With a bit of bread in her pocket, she used to set out early in the morning. Sometimes she would walk miles into the country. Having found a subject that she liked, she would seat herself under a shady tree. Taking out her pencils, she would work until dusk.

A NOBLE CHARGER

Rosa Bonheur

At one time, she made sketches of the oxen plowing in the field. At another time, she drew the cows standing knee-deep in the sweet clover. She often became so interested in her work that she forgot to eat her lunch. When she could no longer see to work she trudged back to the city. How glad she was to reach home after a tramp of ten or twelve miles! How browned she was by the sun and wind!

Sometimes she was caught in a shower. Her clothes would be covered with mud. No matter how tired she became, she was glad because of the lesson she had learned that day.

If you have ever tried to draw an animal, you know how hard it is. Rosa Bonheur found that she must study animals even more closely than she was able to in the country. To do this, she used to visit stock yards and slaughterhouses.

She often went into the pens where the animals were kept. Once she climbed up on a load of hay to get a better view of some steers. She found her long skirts much in the way. After this, she often wore men's clothing. This made her work easier.

In 1845, one of her pictures was exhibited in an art gallery in Paris. It was a great honor to have

a picture there. The painting was a small one. It represented two rabbits nibbling a carrot. How well she has painted the soft, white fur! Two years later, Rose Bonheur took a prize for her work.

In her trips to the country, Rosa Bonheur had learned to love the peasant people. She honored these hard-working farmers for their honest toil and sturdy manhood. She makes a country scene the subject of one of her most wonderful pictures. It is called *Oxen Plowing*. We can see two teams of six oxen each, plowing in a field. As they climb the gentle slope the drivers urge the oxen forward.

The great beasts will need all their strength before they reach the top of the hill. Already they have turned a number of wide furrows. The farmer's work is not yet done. Seeds must be dropped into the warm, brown earth. Many days of hard work will follow for both men and oxen before the furrows will yield the grain.

Oxen Plowing was painted away from home. The house in which the Bonheurs then lived had no studio. Rosa Bonheur was away from home all day working at this picture. Her father was greatly interested in the painting. Every night he inquired how she was getting on. He wished to see the

Rosa Bonheur

OXEN PLOWING

picture, but was not strong enough to go to the studio.

After many weeks the picture was completed. Raymond Bonheur gained strength to go to see the great picture. He realized that now his daughter had become a great artist. How proud and happy he was! His death occurred soon after this.

ROSA BONHEUR'S PICTURES

The most famous of all of Rosa Bonheur's pictures is called *The Horse Fair*. The artist spent a year and a half making studies for this picture. Her friends in Paris lent her their finest horses. This was not enough. She must visit horse fairs and horse markets. Her sketches showed all sorts of horses, and in all sorts of positions. After these eighteen months of careful work, she was ready to begin.

Rosa Bonheur intended to make the horses two-thirds life size. This required the largest canvas ever used by an animal painter up to that time. She was obliged to use a step-ladder to paint some parts of it. The gigantic work was finished for the exhibition of 1853. People who visited the art gallery could talk of nothing but *The Horse Fair*.

Rosa Bonheur

THE HORSE FAIR

Everybody admired the spirited horses. One could almost fancy that he saw the horses rear and plunge.

After the Paris exhibition, *The Horse Fair* was sent to Belgium. The people of that country praised it highly. To show their gratitude, they sent Rosa Bonheur a beautiful gift.

The picture now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. It was bought for sixty thousand dollars by an American. We are proud to have Rosa Bonheur's finest picture in our own land.

People in all parts of the world sent Rosa Bonheur presents. Buffalo Bill sent her two mustangs for models.

It required much time and patience to tame such wild creatures. "To have wild animals love you," Rose Bonheur says, "you must first love them."

The mustangs formed a part of her menagerie. In the sheds behind the artist's garden, stags, does, horses, sheep, a monkey, and other animals lived together. Rosa Bonheur often put down her brush to go out and play with her pets. She was not afraid of any animals. She would even pass her hand through the mane of a lion that she had never seen before. After she had owned one a little while, it

THE LIONS AT HOME

Rosa Bonheur

would come to the bars of the cage and beg for a caress.

Her most famous lion was Nero, a great wild beast. He lived for years in her garden. Many times was this old lion painted by his mistress. We see him in *An Old Monarch* and *The Lions at Home.*

One time Rosa Bonheur left France for a while. She sent Nero to the Zoölogical Gardens while she was away. When he was sent there, he seemed to feel that something was happening. He lashed the sides of the cage with his tail, and roared all the way to Paris.

Upon the artist's return, she visited Nero. She found him blind and dying of homesickness. She could not keep back the tears at this change in the great beast. She spoke to him. He arose and came toward her, giving a purr of welcome. She took him home. He died there with his head on her arm.

The English people loved Rosa Bonheur's pictures so well that they invited her to visit their country. In 1856 she paid them a visit. She visited the Queen's beautiful castle at Windsor. Later she went to Scotland.

When she was a little girl Rosa Bonheur and her brothers had read Sir Walter Scott's stories. Now she was anxious to see the places that he had de-

CHANGE OF PASTURE

Rosa Bonheur

scribed. The scenery in Scotland gave her many ideas for pictures. *Change of Pasture* and *A Scottish Raid* are some of these.

Rosa Bonheur owned two homes. One was in the forest at the little village of By. The other was in the heart of Paris. Two very dear friends lived with Rosa Bonheur. They were Madame Micas and her daughter, Natalie. Natalie was an artist. She and Rosa Bonheur painted and traveled together. Madame Micas kept house for them.

The great artist was loved as much by the people of other countries as by the French. The place in which she lived was once surrounded by an army. The enemy destroyed many homes. The general of the army gave his soldiers an order. He said that Rosa Bonheur's home should not be harmed. He did not want her beautiful pictures destroyed.

Do you remember that the Queen of England made Edwin Landseer a knight? That honor showed how much the English people admired his pictures. When the French people wish to honor an artist, they give him the cross of the Legion of Honor.

The Empress of France loved Rosa Bonheur. The royal palace was near the artist's forest home. The Empress had often seen Rosa Bonheur sketching

in the forest. She thought that Rosa Bonheur was the greatest of all animal painters. She decided to give her the cross of the Legion of Honor.

One bright morning the Empress went to Rosa Bonheur's studio. The painter was busy at her work. The Empress went up to her. She pinned something upon the artist's velvet jacket.

Looking down, Rosa Bonheur saw the beautiful white cross hanging on a blue ribbon. It was the cross of the Legion of Honor. The Empress had made her friend very happy by the gift. No woman had ever worn that cross before.

In 1899 the great animal painter closed her happy life. She had lived seventy-seven years. What useful years they had been! What great pleasure she has given to many people! Whenever we see her pictures now we shall think what a noble woman was Rosa Bonheur.

BARBEE SCHOOL LIBRARY

DATE DUE

FEB 3 '53			
MAY 1 8 '54			
a-6	FEB 8 '62		
P-6	JAN 28 '64		
	JAN 14 '65		
H-6	MAY 8 '67		

170 Issco Printed i

759

759 1029

Horne

AUTHOR

Stories of great

TITLE

artists

759 1029

Horne

Stories of Great Artist

P9-CSD-756